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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AMERICA'S HAGUE REFUSAL

THE refusal of our Government to participate in the Hague Conference was a disappointment to Europe — but a disappointment taken philosophically. The French papers, after exhibiting eagerness to have America share in the counsels and responsibilities of the proposed meeting, suddenly reversed their attitude and expressed satisfaction at our refusal. The Genoa correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* wrote that our reply 'was not much of a surprise to the French delegation.' He considered it unfortunate that M. Barthou had not given serious attention previously to the suggestion that had been in the air for some time, to send a commission of inquiry to Russia. The Bolshevist delegates were irritated by the 'severe and reserved tone' of Mr. Hughes's note.

La Stampa, which represents Giolitti's party and has been less unkind to Russia than some of its contemporaries, publishes a dispatch from its London correspondent emphasizing two points: —

Hughes's note does not pave the way for future American participation, and those who profess such an opinion are simply deluding themselves; neither does the note indicate that American policy and French policy are following parallel lines. America is staying at home for the simple reason that she does not want to become implicated in the chaos, confusion, and controversies of Europe, for which the policy of Paris is mainly responsible.

The *Spectator* attributes our attitude in part to the fact that we have no complicated past relations with Russia and do not wish to have future relations with her complicated by the existing issues between Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Republic. *The Nation and the Athenæum* says that America 'has every right to be proud that she has done about four times as much as Europe for the relief of the Russian famine,' but that Mr. Hughes could see no difference between The Hague and Genoa. However, petroleum, in the opinion of this journal, is still the lubricant that oils the inner wheels of European diplomacy.

Under the whole affair is the obscure play of the oil interests, which we are far from professing to understand. Until recently the French seemed content to work with the British-Dutch combination. They were never pioneers. They do not make boring plants. But they are large investors, and they had bought great masses of 'Shell' and 'Royal Dutch' shares. At San Remo the famous Franco-British oil agreement bound them to joint action with us. This agreement, as an official French statement said this week, the British Government has loy-

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ally observed. In other words, if the 'Shell' trust has tried to get a monopoly of the Caucasus oil, the British Government has not helped it.

France aims at securing supplies for herself in Galicia and Rumania (where she has them), in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia — presumably because, as the statement hints but does not bluntly say, European supplies are useful for strategic reasons. This may mean that France desires to be free, in war time, of dependence on British oil supplies, and therefore is seeking an alliance with the 'Standard' trust. The latter cannot deal with Russia till Washington approves. Therefore it may seem to be a Franco-American interest to delay any recognition of Russia, lest the 'Shell' interests should profit too largely by it.

The Tory *Saturday Review* highly endorses our action, remarking that the United States note and the messages and speeches of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover 'not only bear out the spirit of, but have distinct verbal similarity with, the view repeatedly expressed in these columns. . . . The hopes expressed of the reconstitution of Russia by artificial respiration are as inflated as the Russian ruble.'

The editor of the *Outlook* thinks that America is gradually reversing her attitude toward Russia, in spite of the fact that our Government is almost demonstratively consistent in its public policies: —

Years of propaganda throughout the United States have made it impossible for the mass of the people to consider Russian affairs at this time objectively. The sensible view, which is England's, and to which the Harding Administration has been converted, is that peace with Russia and economic relations with Russia should be resumed so soon as the Bolsheviki show signs of conforming to the Lloyd George and Hughes formulæ. The United States during half the nineteenth century regarded Russia as her best friend in Europe, yet that Russia possessed a tyrannical Government, whose methods were as far removed from American political principles as those of the Bolsheviki themselves.

In time the American people will draw the moral from this remembrance, as their Government has drawn it already. But meanwhile Washington fears to go to The Hague. There it would be caught between the British and French Russian policies; convinced of the soundness of the former, domestic pressure from an ignorant public opinion would incline it towards the latter. President Harding does not propose to be pressed between two such millstones.

LLOYD GEORGE DEFENDED

As soon as it was evident that the Genoa Conference would not attain the objects for which it was called, both the Continental and the British press were inclined to disparage Lloyd George's international leadership and programmes. However, the London *Outlook*, which cannot be rated pro-Lloyd George, but is rather fond of shillalahing every convenient head that comes within its range, strikes a new and a different note in its comment upon his labors there: —

As Genoa recedes into the distance it is not merely the wonderful tenacity, force, ability, and power exhibited there by our lone champion that impress themselves upon the imagination, but Mr. Lloyd George's growth in moral as well as mental stature. He returns to London — despite the absurd pæans of Mr. Garvin — a beaten man. But his defeat has been worth more to the cause of humanity, I feel, than any success that any English statesman ever gained.

Time after time the stupidity of the Russians and Germans and the egotistical intransigency of the French offered him tactical opportunities to blow up the Conference on issues that would have roused the intense indignation of England against his enemies and enormously enhanced his position at home. In the interests of Europe, in the interests of peace, he resisted these temptations. There remained a last and a

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great chance to make personal capital out of his downfall. That was to rise in the House of Commons on Thursday and electrify the country, as he alone knows how to do, by an impassioned recital of the wrongs and insults, the lies and deceits, which were imposed upon England, in the person of her representative, at the great Conference. He forebore to do this, remaining faithful to the greater ideal which has become his lodestar. Any objective account of Genoa now could not but rouse passions on the Continent that must make for strife and against a settlement in the critical weeks before us. So the Prime Minister once again has sacrificed a personal triumph, knowing well that the people of his country, and even his own supporters in the House, do not recognize that he has made any sacrifice, and will believe that he put up the best defense for himself that he could.

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THE ANSPACH CASE

GERMANY is laughing, and France is showing signs of ill humor, over the exploits of a young German named Erich Anspach, a *chevalier d'industrie* who has been making a pretty good thing financially out of selling alleged information regarding Germany's concealed weapons and military preparations to representatives of the Entente. In some respects the case bears a resemblance to the famous Cobbler of Köpenick incident that provoked the mirth of Germany and of all Europe a few years before the war.

Anspach is a young man about twenty-six years old, of pleasing address and unusual intelligence. His parents were separated as the result of a scandalous divorce trial when he was a boy, and he was thrown upon the world to shift for himself. After spending some time at sea he attended a secondary school and prepared for the university. He served for a short time in the army during the war, but later deserted. His career as a forger and petty criminal goes back several years. For a time he was a member of the Spartacus Union, or Radical Communist organization; but he was expelled under suspicion of betraying its plans. He later picked up money in many shifty ways, principally by spying on different political groups, and apparently deceiving all of them.

His recent exploits with the Inter-Allied Commission constitute an offense rather difficult to define under the German law. Since his alleged revelations are not true, it is doubtful whether he can be convicted of high treason. Yet he has committed acts that might harm his Government as much as those of a veracious spy. He might be convicted as an ordinary swindler; but this would require evidence that he received money for the documents he forged, and the Inter-Allied Commission is not likely to submit such evidence. The purchasers of his documents are said to have been the American, English, French, and Polish information services, as well as the Inter-Allied Mission at Berlin.

L'Écho de Paris 'smells a rat' in the whole affair, suggests that German officials may have been tolerantly conversant with what Anspach was doing, and is inclined to believe in a plot to discredit France's alleged information regarding Germany's military plans.

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LIBEL AND DIPLOMACY AT MUNICH

THE attention of all Germany was attracted during the first weeks of May to a libel suit at Munich. The plaintiff was the former secretary of Kurt Eisner, the Socialist Premier of the Bavarian Republic immediately after the revolution and Germany's surrender. It will be recalled that Eisner published at that time sensational extracts from the Bavarian diplomatic archives to show that Germany and

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Austria-Hungary definitely plotted to bring about a general war. Later, the papers in these archives from which Eisner quoted, together with others relating to incidents preceding and accompanying the outbreak of the war, were laid before the Bavarian Parliament and printed in full as an official document.

Last winter a Conservative newspaper in Munich, referring to this compilation and to Eisner's earlier publication, described the latter as an intentional falsification, and incidentally stated that Eisner's secretary was immediately responsible for the misrepresentations of his chief. This newspaper's observation was reprinted by other publications of like sympathies in Munich, and the secretary brought suit against the editors of all of them for libel.

The suit has been decided against him, except in the case of one of the defendants, upon whom a trifling fine was imposed. Naturally this has aroused a great controversy as to the truth or falsity of Eisner's admission of Germany's guilt for the war, and the motives that induced him to make it. Experts seem to agree that the Eisner statement was not candid, and, strange as this may seem to a foreigner to-day, that it was designedly calculated to make Germany's responsibility for the war appear greater than the evidence cited justified. This interpretation of the Eisner document, though disputed by part of the Socialist press, seems fairly well substantiated; for twelve foreign experts from five former enemy states — England, France, Italy, America, and Serbia — and from five neutral states — Holland, Sweden, Norway, Spain, and Argentina — gave their opinion to this effect. Among these was the French historian Dujardin, of the Sorbonne, who gave the written opinion that Eisner's publication not only left out certain diplomatic verbiage, the omission of which might be excused, but also left out vital passages which showed that the German Government was determined in the first place to localize the conflict, and in the second place to refrain from mobilizing its own forces and to induce Austria to refrain from general mobilization.

An almost amusing, though by no means trivial, incident in this connection is the appearance of a leading article by Professor Hans Delbrück in *Vorwärts*, which is about as remarkable as it would be for President Nicholas Murray Butler to contribute the feature story to the *Labor Aid* or the *Appeal to Reason*. Professor Delbrück says in this article: —

> Indeed, there is one question affecting Germany upon which it is not hopeless to unite approximately all parties, no matter how widely they may differ on other subjects. That is a campaign against the untrue acknowledgment of guilt in the Versailles Treaty upon which our so-called peace is based. . . . The Versailles guilt admission is not the same thing as responsibility for the war in itself. The Versailles Treaty asserts that the German Government 'consciously and deliberately' caused the World War in order to acquire dominance over the world. That false idea, which is still cherished by many people outside of Germany, ought to be destroyed.
>
> In considering this question, whether Germany does not share responsibility for this world catastrophe on account of her blunders and follies, I have, as is well known, consistently taken the stand that Germany's fault rests in the inhuman way in which she treated the other nationalities under her jurisdiction, in the constant repetition of defying and challenging speeches that aroused the distrust and fear of other countries, and last of all, in building dreadnoughts that stirred the jealousy and the anger of England.

Eisner's object in making the case against Germany as strong as he could will probably never be known. He was

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a highly temperamental and idealistic man, whose motives and impulses could not always be predicted and explained. It is commonly assumed, however, that he believed confession to be good for the soul, and that he imagined the freest possible acknowledgment of Germany's guilt would help to allay the hostility of her victorious enemies and to lighten the penalties for her folly.

Pierre Bernus, writing in the *Journal des Débats*, while admitting that Eisner made a mistake in not publishing the document in full, insists that he concealed nothing that was favorable to the Government of Berlin, and that the only passage omitted is the following:—

In order to localize the war, the Imperial Administration will undertake diplomatic negotiations with the Great Powers immediately after the delivery of the Austrian ultimatum at Belgrade.

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THE BULGARIAN CRISIS

THE recent political troubles in Bulgaria, which gave rise to a false report that a revolution had occurred in that country, seem to involve domestic politics, but to be mainly due to the serious situation created by the presence of thirty-three thousand armed Russian refugees belonging to Wrangel's Army. These constitute a body considerably more numerous than the military forces that Bulgaria herself is permitted to maintain under the terms of the treaty imposed upon her by the Entente. On May 16 General Wrangel issued the following statement from Belgrade:—

In 1878 the Bulgarian people were freed from the yoke that they had borne for centuries by the blood of thousands of Russians poured forth for their liberty. A tragic turn of fortune caused the sons of those who owed their national existence to the sublime services of the Russian people to take up arms against their liberators. The righteous wrath of the Bulgarian nation later swept from power the criminal perpetrators of this deed of Cain.

In our present days of trial a Russian army, abandoned by all, found an asylum in the Slavic lands, whither the ties of blood and a common faith invited it. Willing to forget the unhappy incidents of the past, that army accepted loyally the hospitality of the Bulgarian people. The hearty welcome accorded them by the common people of Bulgaria persuaded the Russians that the previous treason of the Government was not endorsed by the nation at large.

But now a new crisis has arisen. For a second time the Bulgarian Government is guiding its subjects into the arms of Russia's mortal enemy. The world beholds today the scandalous triumph of the traitors of Brest-Litovsk. Yielding to the unhappy temptations begotten of its own weakness, the Bulgarian Government is courting the aid of the tyrants who now oppress Russia, with the applause and aid of Germany. This alliance is designed to sacrifice what remains of the Russian army, in violation of the sacred rights of hospitality. Assailed on every hand by hatred and calumny, the Russian soldiers see the time drawing near when they will be forced to rally to their standards. The sinister spectre of fratricidal strife again rises before us. God is our witness that we have not evoked it.

To this remarkable proclamation the Bulgarian Government has replied as follows:—

The Russian refugees were admitted to Bulgaria and domiciled in our country by virtue of an agreement which gave them only the status of refugees. However, they have recently committed a series of acts that prove they are very far from considering themselves exiles and refugees. They propose to maintain themselves as an armed force, prepared to engage in new military adventures. The revelations of the last few days have thrown a glaring light upon this military organization and its conspiracies, which aim to make it a government within a government. With the object of preventing any untoward act likely to produce new international complications,

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and with a view to preserving domestic order and peace, the Bulgarian Government is at last compelled to take necessary measures to protect the vital interests of the country.

Theodor Berkes, whom we have already quoted concerning the Wrangel affair in our issue of June 10, returns to the subject in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 18. Writing from Sofia five days before that date, he estimates the Wrangel troops that the Bulgarian Government at present shelters in its own barracks and military camps at twenty thousand men, plus more than double that number of other refugees. These troops were received rather unwillingly by the Peasant Government of Bulgaria, under pressure of the Entente authorities. Early in May the Bulgarian police discovered in the rooms of a Russian colonel in Sofia documents proving the existence of a Wrangel secret service organization, spread like a net over the entire kingdom, and reporting in minute detail the movements, acts, and opinions, not only of foreigners, but also of Bulgarian citizens and officials, even those of highest rank. This 'spy system' was apparently designed, not only to check possible Bolshevist propaganda, but also to promote a reactionary *coup d'état* against the Peasant Government now in power. From this it was but a step to the assumption that the Wrangel forces proposed to secure control of Bulgaria for the purpose of using its territory as a base of operations against Soviet Russia.

Still later reports are to the effect that the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission in Bulgaria has directed that the Russian refugees be disarmed and that their organizations shall cease to have a military character.

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ARGENTINA AND OUR TARIFF

La Prensa, the leading anti-administration daily of Buenos Aires, heartily approves the action of the United States Senate in opposing a conventional tariff, with its maximum and minimum duties, and argues that the Argentine Republic, and indeed all the republics of the Western hemisphere, should adopt nonvariable customs duties as a pan-American principle. This attitude is due partly to the fact that our previous reciprocity arrangements with Brazil have enabled us to market our grain and provisions in that country at an artificial advantage over the producers of Argentina. This, according to the paper quoted, is 'uneconomic': —

> These trade conventions merely establish truces, during the existence of which the parties acquire foreign markets and open their own markets to foreigners under artificial conditions that tend to divert trade from its natural channels and to interfere with the normal and healthy course of production.

This journal assumes that the American Congress is discouraging maximum and minimum tariffs because they have not been beneficial to the United States; and furthermore that our Government will insist upon enforcing the most favored nation clause in its dealings with countries that still maintain multiple tariffs.

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IRISH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

[*The two unsigned articles that follow are reprinted respectively from the London* Outlook *of May 20 and the* New Statesman *of the same date. Neither, of course, is an Irish interpretation of conditions, but both are from weeklies that have tried to understand Ireland.*]

I. THE IRISH PEACE WRECKERS

THE dangerous trend of affairs in Ireland carries with it certain compensations. We are being forced, rather later than the rest of Europe, to cast off the more foolish of those delusions about ourselves which the war had nourished. For the common charge made against the Free Staters, that they are no better, no more 'idealistic' than revived Redmondites, means simply that Mr. Griffith and his friends are being forced by events to recognize the facts of human nature in general, and of Irish human nature in particular. Sentimental idealism is at a discount, so that the Irish cloud has a silver lining. But had we won a Republic, or even agreed to believe that the Free State *was* a Republic, the war conventions of Sinn Fein would have attained pragmatic truth; and life here would have been intolerable to all free spirits, including those who were pleased at the departure of the English.

As it is, however, we are again become an 'honest' people, as Dr. Johnson called us, who speak ill of each other. The Republicans maintain the Cuchullin pose, with its associated vice of hypocrisy and the exploitation of the dead; but everyone knows that this party contains as many hard-headed men and as many materialists as does its opponents of the Free State. The latter bury their dead quietly. They have cleared their minds of cant, and have realized that the Irish people did not escape the blight of original sin. If Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith are ever really in a position to govern, what they have learned in the school of hard experience will be of profit to us all.

The advance is spiritual. We have learned that we are miserable sinners even as the English are; that some few of us are cowards, others thieves, very few Cuchullins, and even fewer Maeves. Socially and economically, however, the case still justifies the use of the word 'dangerous.' If the perpetual aim of British statesmanship be, as some Irishmen have believed, the destruction of Ireland, British statesmen ought to be saying among themselves, in reference to their evacuation of the Twenty-six Counties: Why did we not think of this before? Politically, there are grounds for optimism, and Free Staters speak confidently of a landslide in their favor.

It is impossible to imagine Mr. Childers as an Irish leader. He is an able and disinterested man, but the personal propaganda that is being directed against him — a propaganda which, I must admit, is often shamelessly brutal — has had its sure effect. Mr. de Valera will not return — there is no instance in history of the return of a deposed Irish leader. Nor do I find much faith in the star of Mr. Rory O'Connor, of the Four Courts. His Army Council disapproves, apparently, of the negotiations initiated by some of the Southern leaders, and calls them 'a dodge to split the Republican ranks.' Whatever their outcome, the negotiations will have indicated that, among the Republican military officers of the South, there

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are important personages who hesitate at the policy of forcible interference with the will of the people. A free election on the Treaty represents the whole policy of Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins, and their *sine qua non* in any negotiations. Conversely, the object of Mr. Childers and Mr. O'Connor is the postponement of elections; and if these gentlemen show themselves ready to talk of peace at all, it must be in the hope of gaining some 'concession' from the Provisional Government, which would be regarded on your side as a repudiation of the Treaty signatures, and would bring Anglo-Irish relations once more into the melting pot.

Easy times are far off, at best. The prophet can prophesy two things: (*a*) the return of the English in some shape or form, or (*b*) the establishment of the Free State in a socially weakened and economically disorganized country. The latter alternative is still the more likely; but the former must be considered as a possibility — and is being so considered in Ireland, though it will not happen as the consequence of a definite repudiation of the Treaty on this side. Do the Republicans desire it? I don't suppose any one of them would dare to boast that, were there a renewed invasion of Black-and-Tans, — taking the form, this time, of a British descent, under Sir Henry Wilson, from the Northeast, — Ireland would unite, successfully repel it, and win recognition of the Republic. The most reckless of them look no further than the destruction of the Free State, and, since this destruction will not be accomplished by Irish votes, their hope must be that Great Britain may pick a quarrel with the Provisional Government; and of course Great Britain could find excuses for picking such a quarrel.

The original Truce of last July has been broken more than once — by the kidnapping of British officers, the shooting here and there of British soldiers and policemen, since the evacuation has been in progress; Southern Unionists have scarcely yet enjoyed the guarantees promised them by the Treaty, and the new Administration has been unable, with all its excellent intentions, to bring culprits to book. A further danger is pending, and one to which little attention has yet been directed: it is the character of the Constitution which the Free Staters have drawn up for Ireland, and which in due course must be submitted, not only to Irish opinion, but also to the British Parliament. This, if we may believe intelligent anticipations, will be a strong dose for Britons to swallow. The document of the Constitution has been composed by a committee, drawn largely from the Dublin intelligentsia. It is certain these men will have given more thought to baffling the Republican critics than to making straight the path of Mr. Lloyd George.

The Republican theorists in Dublin are immediately responsible for the disturbed state of the country; but this is not to say that they approve, or direct, every disturbance. That they want to drive Protestants, as such, out of Ireland is nonsense; and it is foolish, too, to speak of them seriously as Bolsheviks, although, roughly speaking, their social ideals are more radical than those of the Free Staters. But the effect of it all is that Protestant rich, and indeed Catholic rich, also, are beginning to go; that property has been confiscated; that banks have been raided. Many landowners in the South and West propose to sell what they can of furniture and stock, write down their mansions as a total loss, and depart from Ireland. The *Irish Times* prints page advertisements of 'suitable gentlemen's residences' in England.

At the same time, prices in Ireland,

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even of house property, have hardly fallen at all; wages on the land and in industry are many per cent higher than in England, and in several towns in Munster attempts at readjustment have ended in the proclamation of miniature Soviets. These will not endure, for the peasant proprietor, on whom the small country towns depend for their existence, will reduce his buying and selling to a minimum, force down the standard of living, and present the amateur Communists with a *fait accompli*. In Connaught a land war has recommenced; those menaced are not the Protestant ex-landlords, but the big graziers, who are Catholic and nominal Nationalists. No one in the Dàil defends confiscation as such. The seizure of property for political reasons is another matter, and the graziers, because they provide England with beef (!), and the Bank of Ireland, because it has official relations with the Provisional Government, are victims of the 'idealist' logicians.

Thus the Republican movement in the wilder areas of the West attracts to itself very various types of recruits — not at all the sort of men, many of them, who put up the fight against the Black-and-Tans. There are genuine die-hards in the Republican ranks; but I think it is true that, of the old I.R.A., those who are to be taken most seriously as officers and soldiers — the Mulcahys, O'Connells, and MacKeowns — adhere to the Free State. The trust put by some commentators in the Irish Labor Party, whether as a peace force or an instrument of reconstruction, seems to me to be entirely misplaced. Its manifesto 'impartially' condemning militarism was a rhetorical absurdity, and if the organization counts at all in the present crisis it is as a Republican asset.

The facts of the situation, I should finally say, are not difficult to observe, and the English press has, on the whole, given an accurate report of them. What is difficult is to put the facts into their proper proportions; and, for fear that I may have failed in this, I should add that for the present the large majority of people in the Twenty-six Counties still pursue their normal pleasures and avocations. The old era is passing, in some respects, quietly, even dully, as one realizes when one sees the streets of Dublin filled on a Sunday with the (unarmed) British soldier and his girl. Over large areas of the country, particularly in the East, all classes are still free from anything that could be described as panic. The upper classes have lost their famous club in Kildare Street to Mr. Rory O'Connor; but they may be still seen at the race meetings, together with the friends of Mr. Michael Collins and, no doubt, also those of Mr. O'Connor. Until racing stops, I shall not talk of Russia in Ireland, or of catastrophic change. Suffering since the Truce has been confined to individuals, but has only threatened groups or masses.

II. THE IRISH MUDDLE

With rival armies confronting one another in Dublin, and regulars and irregulars fighting noisy, if practically bloodless, battles in the country, it is inevitable that attention should be concentrated on the military issue to the exclusion of all other problems. Nothing effective, I admit, can be done until the question is settled, whether a minority of the army is to rule both the army and the people. Even if an agreement should be concluded between the two sections of the I.R.A. — I am writing before the

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Dàil Committee has submitted its second report — a good deal depends upon the terms of that agreement. The mere cessation of hostilities, however great a political advantage, would not in itself remove the worst of the evils from which the country is suffering. Nor is it certain that, if Mr. Rory O'Connor condescended to coöperate with the Provisional Government in repressing outrages and punishing disorder, the most drastic action on the part of the united forces would free the Irish people from the economic consequences of the upheaval of the last few months.

Ministerial reports submitted to the Dàil last week show that conditions in Southern Ireland are rapidly justifying Sir Henry Wilson's phrase, 'a welter of chaos and crime.' It is impossible to believe that Mr. de Valera and his colleagues did not forsee what would happen when they preached rebellion against the authority of the Provisional Government as a patriotic duty. They could not have forgotten the crisis produced in the Western counties in the spring of 1920 by the success of Sinn Fein's attempt to paralyze the British administrative machine. A memorandum presented to Dàil Eireann, in August 1921, by Mr. de Valera's Minister of Agriculture sums up the situation in a few lines: —

> The majority of the people, though they drank deeply of the draught of freedom, kept their heads, but in the West they were hungry — hungry for land — and easily intoxicated with the wine, which they drank to the dregs; they confused license with liberty; they knew the British forces were powerless to restrain them; they hoped, and perhaps thought, that their own Government would condone confiscation in order to right the confiscations of other days, and that, even if it objected, it, too, would be powerless to touch them till they had gained their ends.

In those days the unity of the I.R.A. enabled order to be restored. Though Dàil Eireann managed to prevent agrarian outrages, it did not eliminate the causes which provoked them, and in the last two years the number of landless men and uneconomic smallholders has increased instead of diminishing. The revolt preached by Mr. de Valera was followed by the Army split. This, in its turn, led to the collapse of the Republican police, whose exertions had kept agrarianism in check. These police, most of whom are soldiers detailed for constabulary duties, have taken sides with their respective armies; and even when they still continue to act nominally as policemen, it is easy to repudiate their authority on the ground that they are no longer servants of the nation, but agents of a party.

In England there seems to be a belief that the land war is an attempt to expropriate Protestants. I do not deny that plenty of evidence can be found to confirm this view. But the *Irish Times*, the organ of the Southern Protestants, rightly repudiates the theory of a jihad which finds such favor with Lord Carson and the *Morning Post*. 'They are not,' it says of its coreligionists, 'the victims of any religious persecution. They have been the first, because the easiest, targets of the passions of greed and violence that are now devastating the land. The Roman Catholic farmer has not less to fear than the Protestant farmer. Traders of all creeds suffer equally from the lawlessness which robs banks and trains, paralyzes business, and drives capital out of the country.'

Not only are Catholic farmers likely to suffer, but they have already been hard hit by the prevailing anarchy. They are the chief victims of the wholesale cattle-driving in Clare, and

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the campaign to seize houses built by the Congested District Board is directed wholly against Catholic occupiers.

In the main the 1920 agitation was due, as Dàil Eireann at the time admitted, to 'perfectly legitimate land-hunger.' The worst feature of the new upheaval is that attempts at confiscation are no longer confined to districts where the community has a real grievance. Political confusion is everywhere being exploited by men who feel themselves strong enough to take advantage of a weaker neighbor. The orthodox method of procedure is to claim a farm on the ground that some member of one's family was evicted from it thirty, fifty, or even seventy years ago. It does not matter how many times the land may have been bought and sold in the interval or how good is the title of the present occupier; provided one can raise a sufficiently strong faction to deal with the existing tenant and his friends, there is little fear of intervention by any legally constituted authority.

It is something to the good that at last the I.R.A., both regulars and irregulars, have felt it necessary to issue proclamations threatening stern action against cattle-driving and confiscation. Unfortunately, action has not yet been taken, and the grabbers are harder at it than ever. Slackness in dealing with offenses of this kind has the worst possible effect in a country like Ireland, where there are few families who do not cherish the tradition of lands rightfully theirs, of which their ancestors were deprived by force. It is not uncommon to find evicted farms handed down by will from father to son in the belief that by some miracle restitution would be made. A good many people see at last an opportunity of making the miracle come true by the aid of automatics and shotguns.

While men who lack farms are preparing to acquire them by the right of the strong hand, others who hold land are taking advantage of Mr. de Valera's teaching by refusing to pay either landlords or the State. One of the most ominous developments is the drop of £150,000 since December in the installments of annuities under the Land Purchase Acts. This deficit means that all hopes of extending land purchase must be hung up, and in addition it promises to cripple the national credit by making it impossible to borrow money at reasonable rates for urgent schemes of social reform.

Meanwhile land is falling out of cultivation. Men cannot be expected to sow if they have no certainty that they will be permitted to reap; and the shortage of potatoes, added to the fact that the senseless Belfast boycott prevents the transfer of supplies from the ample stocks in the Six Counties, is causing men, who are by no means alarmists, to predict a ruinous shortage in the poorest Southern areas before the new crop is available. The fact that agricultural wages are maintained at a rate of from 5*s*. to 10*s*. a week higher than the British average has also had its effect in leading farmers to reduce tillage to a minimum. In other days the small man could rely on the assistance of his sons. To-day his sons, as a rule, find it more profitable to take service at £3 or £3 10*s*. a week in one of the two sections of the I.R.A., and not a few of them do still better by joining with laborers out of work to levy blackmail as armed freebooters.

Conditions in some of the Southern counties are rapidly approaching those which existed in the Scottish Highlands in the eighteenth century. Armed caterans raid banks, clear out the tills of post offices, commandeer the stocks of shopkeepers, demand levies from farmers, and, if met with a

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refusal, drive off cattle, which they sell elsewhere at a third of their value. It used to be said that the ambition of an Irish peasant was to have one son a priest and another a policeman. To be a raider is now a better-paying and more enviable occupation, and boys take to it as to a legitimate profession. A caddy on a Dublin links was urged by a golfer the other day not to waste his time in a blind-alley occupation. 'Sure I 'd get out of it to-morrow, sir,' was the reply, 'only I can't get a revolver till I 'm sixteen.'

It is common to distinguish between those who rob purely on their own account and those who rob in the name of the Army Executive. There may be a distinction; but I fail to see how it is possible to blame out-of-works, who do not know where the next meal is to come from, for taking to highway robbery, when they see Mr. Rory O'Connor and his lieutenants, fresh from raiding banks to the tune of £100,000, dashing up to the Mansion House in stolen motor cars to take part in high political conferences. Rory of the Hills, the incarnation of the Irish rapparee, materializes to-day, in the words of a Dublin wit, as Rory of the Tills.

The merchant and manufacturer have fared even worse than the farmer. It was the cherished belief of Sinn Fein that Irish industrial enterprise was handicapped only by English political policy, which, as in the days of Pitt, was the obedient servant of English trade-jealousy. Political policy is now in Irish hands, yet the first result of the transfer has been to enable a section of Republicans to deal as heavy a blow at Irish prosperity as the worst enemies of this country could desire. Mr. McGarry bluntly told the Dàil that no man would start a factory or even buy a motor car because he did not know at what moment brigands would come along and steal it. Shopkeepers, who are at the mercy of armed bands, naturally decline to lay in stocks; and railway companies, whose trains are systematically rifled, refuse to accept any liability for the care or delivery of goods. The Irish Commercial Travelers' Federation announces that definite instructions have been received by its members from their firms that, unless order is restored without delay, not only will credit be completely restricted, but a total cessation of trade will follow.

These complications naturally prevent any reduction in the cost of living, and the workers, just as naturally, insist that, till the cost falls, wage cuts will not be permitted. For the first time workers are in a position to enforce their will. Dock laborers in Irish ports are receiving wages which run from 25*s.* to 30*s.* a week above the average in Great Britain; bakers in Dublin earn 94*s.* as against 60*s.* in London; in the building trades the Irish worker has the advantage by 8*s.* to 10*s.* a week; and whereas in London the engineering rate is 77*s.* 6*d.*, in Cork it is 94*s.*, the highest rate paid in the Three Kingdoms for the last two years.

Firms like that of Henry Ford in Cork are able by skilled management and good organization to keep wages, as well as profits, at a high level. But the ordinary Irish manufacturer is woefully incapable of getting the most out of his workers or out of his capital. In the past his remedy in times of depression was to cut wages to the bone. Deprived of this expedient, he drifts helplessly to bankruptcy or in despair closes down his works. At this stage the workers nowadays take a hand in the game on their own account by hoisting the Red Flag over the factory and running it on Soviet lines. So far their experiments in this direction have led only to speedy collapse and to the

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ruin of the industry. Undeterred by previous failures they seized last week the proprietary creameries of Messrs. Cleeve in Limerick, Tipperary, and North Cork, all areas in which the armed forces repudiate the authority of the Provisional Government. Apparently the 'General Council of Action for Munster' has no fears that its operations will be hampered by any of the parties which are contending for political supremacy in Ireland, but no one expects for a moment that the new departure will have any other result than to complete the wreck of an industry which under scientific control might have achieved great things.

The prevailing chaos, as the Dàil Eireann Minister of Trade insisted the other day, 'makes any sort of economic progress or economic stability utterly impossible'; and the fact that the anti-Treatyites, so far from assisting to restore stability, violently oppose every measure that aims at reëstablishing normal conditions, while it throws an illuminating light on their professions of patriotism, is the best proof that they no longer entertain the faintest hope of the success of their political policy.

AMERICAN SKETCHES

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[*In* 1876, *the Centennial year, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the distinguished Polish novelist, visited the United States and published his experiences here in a series of letters that appeared in the* Gazeta Polaska *between May of that year and the end of March,* 1878. *These articles, which were printed under the pseudonym of* Litwos, *have never been published in English, although they were the first writings of the young author — then thirty years old — to reach a wide circle of readers. Sienkiewicz, who did not speak or understand English at the time of his arrival, and who apparently came without letters of introduction, was acridly critical of America and its people and customs in his early communications; but he revised his opinion later, after he became familiar with American ways and with the English language, and gave generous testimony in his later letters to the excellencies of our life, manners, and institutions.*]

New York Hotels

Marble, bronzes, carpets, mirrors — these make American hotels. In New York the latter share with the banks and the post office the honor of being the finest buildings in the city. In addition to rooms rented to guests they contain a great number of halls and parlors where patrons receive visitors and otherwise spend their leisure. These are furnished with princely luxury. The Central Hotel, where I am living, is a fair-sized city in itself. . . .

The dining-room, an immense apartment accommodating several hundred people, is designed and furnished with sumptuous but tasteless luxury. The columns supporting the roof are of marble, but squat and ugly. The ceiling is heavy and overornate, while the entrance suggests a barn. The immense double-doors remind one irresistibly of those of a stable.

Three times a day all the guests gather here. In American hotels the meals are not charged for separately, but are included in the price of the

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rooms. Every guest has the right to come here five times daily and eat as much as he likes without extra expense; but most persons take only breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. At table strangers converse like old acquaintances; but as soon as they have finished they go their various ways. Many ladies come without gentleman escorts; even young girls travel here without a chaperon. These ladies dress in a way that I have never seen in Europe. No one wears a hat, and for this reason meals at a hotel, particularly dinners, resemble, superficially, more ceremonial affairs in Europe. Guests never give tips to servants. All the waiters are negroes. That is the custom; and colored help is also cheaper than white help. Two or three negroes stand at each table; their heads look like black rams' heads. They are very courteous and obliging, perform their duties quickly and skillfully, and with their black coats and white ties look, if not beautiful, at least very original.

The service is not elaborate. It is the American custom to set down simultaneously before every guest a great collection of little china dishes containing soup, roasts, fish, eggs, puddings, tomatoes, potatoes, ices, strawberries, apples, oranges, coffee. You are confronted with tiny doses of every conceivable kind of food, but without a prescription as to the order of taking. Your black waiter stands behind you like an executioner behind a poor sinner, and constantly pours ice water into your glass. To every question he has an invariable answer: 'Yes, sir.' The consequence of this custom is that even in the best restaurants your food is usually cold and stale. American cooking is the worst in the world.

Broadway

The buildings resemble those of London. Next to a hotel built of white marble from foundation to cornice will stand a red-brick house, and beyond that perhaps a vacant space where a fire has recently occurred. To-morrow a new structure will rise on that site; and if it in turn should burn down, a third will be erected immediately. . . .

The churches are closed, as it is a working-day, and business leaves no time for prayer. In any case, the church buildings are not distinguished by size or antiquity. They also seem to have been erected in haste. Small cemeteries surround them, and next door is the establishment of an undertaker or a tombstone-maker.

Business premises are magnificent, but the display of wares is tasteless; and in the gutter in front of their magnificent show-windows lie heaps of untended garbage. The city is muddy, dirty, and ill paved. In crossing the street, your feet will often sink into a black morass where the water from a stopped sewer has backed up in the gutter. A disorder of street litter, scraps of newspaper, and trampled apple and orange peelings covers both sidewalks and pavements. Handsome carriages and omnibuses pass you, interspersed with lumbering drays laden with packing-cases. Hogs run loose in the streets, their ears lacerated by vagrant dogs; their number is astonishing, especially in the back alleys. In a word, I never in my life saw such an unkempt city, and I must acknowledge that the valiant efforts of the municipality of Warsaw to win the world championship for untidiness sink to nothing by comparison with New York.

Chicago

After the disappointment I felt in New York, with its dirt and disorder, Chicago impresses me as a pleasant and majestic city. It is an imposing town. The streets are broad; the buildings are lofty, solidly built, and conveniently

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designed. The sidewalks are well above the level of the streets, and formed of broad, flat stones that arouse my admiration. Everything is on an immense scale; Chicago suggests a city built by giants for giants. It is original. One perceives at once that it is new and up-to-the-minute. I once read an imaginary description of the metropolis of some future century; Chicago reminds me of that.

I am constantly discovering conveniences that I never heard of before. Wires hang across the streets, from which banners with various inscriptions are suspended. In the evening dusk the wires are invisible and these banners seem floating unsupported in the air. . . .

The fronts of the immense shops are so brilliantly lighted that they shine like great fireplaces. I select the first street that I come to and saunter on, walking straight ahead. At several points the houses and buildings suddenly cease and I come to vacant spaces, filled with heaps of ruins — evidences of the great Chicago fire. Then I will stumble upon a district that suggests a gigantic new city, just being founded. As far as my vision reaches, nothing but scaffolding upon scaffolding, unfinished buildings with vacant window-openings, walls towering upon walls, great mountains of brick and lime, and beyond them again new streets finished but yesterday, where the rumble of traffic, throngs of people, and the bright gaslight tell anew the story of a mighty metropolis, rising like a Phœnix from its ashes.

Customs and Manners

Let me observe, first of all, that a democratic government by no means implies a democratic society, and that though Europe has several democratic governments it has practically no democratic society.

Take France as an example. None will question that her government has been democratic since the Great Revolution; but all will agree that, in spite of her motto, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' she does not have a democratic society. Her manners and customs are not democratic. Are her doctors, merchants, government officials, common laborers, peasants, soldiers, teachers, and bankers upon practically the same social level? Do not these classes live apart, separated by caste barriers as strict as those of India?

In America that is not true. Democracy is social as well as political; it exists not only as an institution and a theory, but also as a practice.

Social democracy is founded upon respect for labor. In a country where every kind of labor is equally esteemed, it is impossible to grade the persons who perform that labor into superior and inferior castes. We Europeans have no conception, and can have no conception, of the respect shown to every kind of labor in America. In this regard, the people of that country are incontestably more advanced than Europeans. Among us, in spite of our professions of equality and democracy, a man of the upper classes lowers himself in the opinion of his fellow men if he is forced to earn his living with his hands. He thereby loses caste, severs every tie that connected him with the circle to which he previously belonged, and sinks into the so-called lower classes. That is not true in America, which has no social classes in the European definition of the word. There are different occupations; but a shoemaker can be as much a gentleman as an attorney. This is because public opinion draws no hard and fast distinctions between the shoemaker's and the attorney's service to society.

This novel attitude toward labor is the primary reason why the society of

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the New World is not divided into water-tight compartments. It affords a key to understanding American democracy, which at first was quite incomprehensible to me. This attitude toward labor is due to both historical and economic causes. The historical cause is that American society has sprung from immigrants who originally belonged to the manual working classes. They hark back to the time when they or their fathers earned their living with their hands, and therefore they habitually measure men by their ability to render practical service to society. The economic cause is equally clear and logical. The population is very sparse, compared with the vast extent of the country. This places a premium upon manual labor. To use a business term, demand always exceeds supply tenfold, and the result of this is not only to raise the material compensation of the worker, but also to elevate his social position.

In addition, self-government, which tends to stamp current social practices and ideas upon public institutions, has caused this attitude toward labor to be carried over into political life, and to breathe into the latter a democratic spirit. This is particularly apparent in the case of the schools. While we Europeans have long recognized the importance of educating the working classes, in practice we have devoted our thought and money to secondary schools and universities instead of to primary schools. I need not say that the rank and file of the people in Europe are virtually excluded from these higher institutions, and that public education has thereby become, to all intents and purposes, a monopoly of the upper classes, and tends to accentuate and perpetuate existing class distinctions.

In America it is entirely different. The object of education is not only the advancement of science, as in Europe, but also the universal culture of the people. To be sure there are higher educational institutions, but public interest is centred mainly on the primary schools, where a great majority of the people end their education. For this reason it may be said that in the United States science has made less progress, but education has made incomparably greater progress, than in Europe. Education in the United States is a broad river, from which everyone may draw what he needs. Let me add that the elementary schools teach much more than they do in Europe. Instead of confining themselves to the rudiments of reading and writing, as ours do, they give the pupils instruction in mathematics, geography, natural sciences, and civics. Newspaper-reading, and the free social intercourse among all classes of the people, continue this educational process throughout life.

The result is that you meet in the United States no people with the limited mental outlook of a Polish or French peasant, unless it be among the recently emancipated slaves. Every farmer, mechanic, coachman, or sailor can talk intelligently about domestic politics, foreign policies, the relative advantages of paper money or specie, and nearly every other topic of general interest, except literature and the fine arts. He has picked up this information in the public school, in newspapers, and during political campaigns. His views are not always profound; sometimes they only emphasize the man's congenital stupidity; but still you seldom encounter absolute ignorance. I am not exaggerating in the least. The average American is an unlearned but mentally developed man, and the great gap that we find everywhere in Europe between the uneducated and the educated classes does not exist. This is a second reason why America has social democracy as well as political democracy. Let me point out a third reason.

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In Europe the higher classes are distinguished from the lower not only by occupation, wealth, and education, but also by refinement of manners. This refinement is like a delicate plant that can thrive only under hothouse conditions; such conditions are confined to a very limited circle. In this small circle we have reached a stage of development of which the Americans, as yet, cannot even dream. That is why they offend and repel newly arrived Europeans by their coarse manners, their tobacco-chewing, their habit of planting their feet upon a table or window sill, and by other habits that make them seem to us barbarians.

A person cannot comprehend American democracy, or American life in general, until he recognizes these three factors: respect for the dignity of labor, absence of marked difference in education, and absence of marked difference in manners. I remember my unbounded astonishment at an incident that came under my observation some months ago. A liveryman who drove us out to the home of a millionaire rancher, instead of staying with his horses after we arrived, came into the parlor with us, sat down on the sofa, and chatted with the daughter of the house. This proceeding was utterly incomprehensible from my European standpoint. I did not understand English at the time, and naturally could not follow the conversation; but our driver's action seemed the most natural thing in the world to our hosts. The liveryman was a gentleman whose business consisted in keeping horses for hire and driving his patrons to places where they wished to go. He was the equal of any other citizen.

To-day I am no longer surprised at things like this. I recognize that the American millionaire rancher, in refinement of manners, ranks far below a European from the same sphere of life, but that the American driver ranks tenfold higher in his social habits than a man pursuing the same vocation in my own country.

If one were to ask me which social system produces the more perfect civilization, I should reply, without hesitation, that of America. In Europe, civilization is the attribute of a limited social class that monopolizes everything for itself. The rest of the people exist for the convenience of that class. Its members alone have access to the privileges and pleasures of science, poetry, art, and the intellectual life — in a word, to everything that makes existence really beautiful. . . . This upper class writes, speaks, forms public opinion, prints newspapers, adorns picture galleries, fills the libraries, creates the stage. In a word, it constitutes a civilized mankind, floating, as it were, upon a sea of inferior human beings that live a more or less physical life, without culture, learning, or higher experiences.

In America, knowledge and culture are in a degree the possession of all. Refinement of manners, though it certainly does not attain the perfection that it does with us, is more generally diffused. All this is what makes American democracy. And let me add just this much more: if higher civilization is not a source of pleasure, we ought to cast it aside and go back to the days when man ran around on all fours; but if civilization, as we generally assume, is a blessing, we must acknowledge that the opportunity of enjoying that blessing is, upon the whole, immeasurably greater in America than anywhere in Europe.

American Women

They are, first of all, less industrious, less interested in household affairs, domestic economy, and cooking, than are those of Europe. This probably

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explains why American cooking is so abominable. Fondness for fine clothes is more apparent than abroad. I never saw, even on the Paris boulevards, so many expensive ladies' gowns as on Broadway in New York, or on Kearny Street in San Francisco. As I have elsewhere observed, the fashions are the same for everyone. A housemaid or a farmer's wife wears the same styles as the wife of a millionaire merchant or a high official; the only difference is in the quality of the goods. The ambitious toilettes of American ladies are the more conspicuous because American men, as a rule, pay very little attention to dress.

During my stay in Southern California a French circus visited the little town where I was residing. Naturally all the people from the country round about attended. It was a remarkable spectacle for a European. Farmers' wives and townswomen, dressed in the styles of the latest fashion-plates, came to the evening performance arm in arm with sunburned men, wearing no coats or vests, in cotton shirts, and with their trousers tucked in their boots. But that merely illustrates a general custom. A man's æsthetic instinct is sufficiently gratified if his wife is gorgeously attired; that is enough for him.

American ladies in this part of the country are not well versed in literature, poetry, and the fine arts; their ignorance of other languages limits their knowledge of foreign writers. Less attention is paid to cultivating 'talent' than in Europe. I never met an American lady who could draw or paint. Most unhappily for critical listeners, a small knowledge of music is very common, but it is exceedingly superficial. American women lack the capacity for persistent application, natural musical taste, and æsthetic instinct in general. I have looked over the music in many private homes, and I have never discovered a piece by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, or Liszt. All I have found were waltzes, polkas, 'Marching Through Georgia,' and — *quo usque tandem, Catilina!* — Badarzeyska's 'Maiden's Prayer.'

In Europe it is commonly supposed that the emancipation of women has gone further in the United States than anywhere else in the world. I personally expected to find a greater number of women practising law and medicine, holding office, and even serving among the clergy. I fancied that I should meet several who were distinguished in different branches of science. . . . Most of the primary school-teachers are women; but if you mean by their emancipation general sharing in higher intellectual pursuits and public duties, they have made less progress in the United States than in Europe.

But the possibility of such emancipation exists. Americans have an invaluable trait of character: they are willing to try everything that promises to better the condition of mankind and to promote progress. In our country, where public opinion has its origin in narrow upper circles, a new idea arouses such a storm of protest and discussion that it takes great courage to suggest a reform or to advocate any departure from long-established precedent. In America, the case is quite the reverse. And when public opinion endorses a new measure it is not necessary to secure the sanction of the Government.

What I mean to say is that the emancipation of women has not yet arrived in the United States. Women take no more prominent part in social work and responsibility than in Poland. In Europe, women are largely employed in the postal and telegraph service, and as cashiers in public offices and private establishments. This is exceedingly rare in the United States, where

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school-teaching is the only field that they have extensively invaded.

Nothing stands in the way of women acquiring a legal or a medical education; but very few make use of this opportunity. The reports current in Europe regarding educational institutions for women in the United States are greatly exaggerated. There are such establishments — for instance, Vassar College, and similar schools in various cities. We think of them as universities, — like those in Germany, — but they are merely advanced boarding-schools, whose courses are, in reality, far less extensive and thorough than they appear on paper.

Boys and girls go to school together during the years when they receive their general education. Most men learn their professions later, however, in special schools or in actual practice. Women do not pursue such advanced courses. This seems to me quite natural. Women do not share largely in the learned professions and public activities of the United States, because general conditions do not encourage them to do so.

Hard facts are stronger than theories, even when no government obstacles exist to putting theories into practice. Where women outnumber men, where thousands of women will never marry, — or if they marry must still continue to earn their daily bread, — women will press into every vocation possible, and it will be hopeless to resist that invasion. Female emancipation necessarily follows.

But in America conditions are as yet the reverse of this. The country is sparsely settled and wealthy. Land and a comfortable livelihood are easy to get, while labor is dear. Any man who works six hours a day can earn enough to support not only himself but his family. . . . The consequence is that a woman has at least five times the probability of marriage, and of being supported entirely by her husband, that she has in Europe. In the Old World, people perfect themselves in the sciences as they do in trade, not so much for ideal reasons as because these offer them a living. That necessity is not imposed upon the women in the United States; and the ladies of that country find it pleasanter to spend their days in a rocking-chair.

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ITALIAN TRADE WITH RUSSIA

BY PROFESSOR GINO LUZZATO

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CAN we discuss even such a nonpartisan question as trading with Russia without introducing political passions and prejudices into our argument? The articles that writers of reputed authority and balanced judgment have lately published on this subject seem to prove the contrary. These gentlemen are justified in cautioning their readers against the exaggerated accounts of Russia's wealth spread abroad by our Socialist friends in their tirades against the blindness of the Western bourgeoisie. They are also right in asserting that we can make no immediate profit by selling goods to Russia or buying commodities from her; but that, instead, we shall be obliged to invest a vast capital in restoring Russia's railways, factories, and commercial machinery, from which we shall reap no return for an indefinite time to come. But these writers exaggerate, in their turn, when they deny or minimize the importance for Europe of Russia's production and Russia's markets, and argue that we should devote our capital and enterprise exclusively to developing transoceanic trade, and disregard entirely what Russia offers.

It is true that Russia's foreign commerce in 1913 was but slightly more than that of Italy or of Austria-Hungary, and decidedly less than that of Holland, or even of little Belgium. But the importance of the Russian market cannot be judged by simply comparing figures. We must remember that it is less than half a century since Russia had any foreign trade to be reckoned with, and that in 1900 her external commerce was still less than six hundred million dollars. From that date, however, Russia's exports and imports grew more rapidly than those of any other European country, and by 1913 they had reached one billion, four hundred million dollars. We must also bear in mind that within one hundred years Russia's population has multiplied marvelously — from forty-five million people in 1815 to one hundred and seventy million in 1913; and that during the last twenty years three million people, upon an average, were annually added to the population of the empire. That single fact, despite Russia's economic backwardness, shows that she is destined to hold a position of first importance in international trade. For it is a universal rule in human history that periods of rapid population-growth are followed by a marked intensification of a nation's economic activities.

Consequently, Russia's one billion and four hundred million dollars of exports and imports in 1913 do not measure the importance of her markets; these must be weighed with an eye to their future expansion. We must keep in view the enormous potential consuming power of an immense population, normally increasing its standards of living, and destined to equal, and perhaps to exceed, within fifty years the population of India or of China, the only other nations that can be compared with it in numbers.

Some may object that the war and

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revolution have destroyed this prospect and have so disrupted Russia's political and economic organization that the population will not only cease to grow, but will inevitably dwindle.

It is true that some excuse may exist for such pessimistic predictions. Although we have hundreds of accounts of Russia from recent visitors to that country, we do not yet know very much regarding the true economic situation there. Pronouncements upon this subject are most risky. But as far as we can judge from the data at hand, it seems fairly safe to assume, without pretending to be prophets, that if we leave out of account her heavy permanent losses of territory in Poland and the Baltic provinces, Russia has derived one supreme benefit from the revolution that is destined to accelerate and to give an entirely new direction to her economic progress. I refer to the total abolition of the old feudal estates and the creation at a single stroke of a vast population of small freeholding farmers.

To be sure, the men now ruling Russia still claim that the recognition of private land-titles is merely a provisional political expedient. They still claim that they will eventually nationalize the land and place its allotment and control in the hands of village soviets, thus practically restoring the old Russian *mir*. But facts outweigh a hundred such theoretical declarations; and the essential fact is that the peasants have got the land and that they will abolish instantly any Government that disputes their title to it. This transformation in Russia's land system does not accord by any means with Socialist ideals. In fact, it agrees completely with the policies and practices of capitalism. But it represents enormous progress, compared with what preceded it. All the efforts of the Tsar's Government for more than fifty years to convert the former serfs into free proprietors had accomplished but trivial results. Russia's unexampled agrarian revolution, completed almost overnight, is the great outstanding fact in her recent economic transformation.

All arable land in Russia has actually been divided up among its cultivators. Millions of peasants' families actually hold and own enough land to support them in dignity and comfort; and that land is free from debt and from any similar burden. This is a tremendous economic fact that will shortly cause most astounding results. It is incomparably a bigger thing in its constructive aspects, and in its future effect upon Russia's economic standards of life, than Russia's present temporary disorganization, and the partial destruction of her mines, her factories, her railways, and her other means of transportation.

Russia's economic life, and especially her foreign commerce, have always been based upon agriculture and particularly upon grain-raising. In 1911, half of her exports consisted of grain. She produced more than one quarter of all the grain raised in the world, and did this practically without fertilizers and almost without modern agricultural machinery.

We have no grounds for assuming that the disorganization and destruction of property of which we hear so much will have the same effect upon agriculture that it may have upon mining and manufacturing. No great amount of capital, hired labor, or modern engineering-skill will be required to make the black lands produce again crops quite as large as they produced before the war. All that is necessary is that the peasant should have some incentive to cultivate the soil. That incentive will be more powerful than ever, once normal commercial conditions are restored, because the culti-

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vator is now a freeholder. He no longer will be discouraged by heavy rents, taxes, and requisitions, as he has been formerly. So the revolution not only has left practically intact Russia's chief source of wealth and her ability to pay for purchases abroad, but it has also created conditions that will probably cause a rapid increase in production.

In another way, also, the revolution may eventually increase the importance of Russia's market for the world. Since it expresses the will of the common people and has sharpened their appetite for comforts and luxuries of which they did not previously even dream, and since it has raised vastly the common man's idea of his own worth and dignity, the revolution has produced a new mental attitude toward the world — an aspiration for better things; and as soon as the present crisis is passed, the effect of this new outlook on life will be visible in higher standards of living.

These considerations render it probable that, even from the point of view of capitalist enterprise, Russia offers a field of investment worthy of serious consideration; and that the risks involved on account of the unscrupulous tactics pursued hitherto by the Soviet Government are likely to become materially less in view of the experiences that the country has passed through during the last four years. These experiences prove that the policies hitherto pursued are ruinous, and that the economic salvation of Russia is impossible without the aid of foreign capital.

Italy is fully as interested as any other Western nation in Russia's prospective recovery and development. To be sure, she has no surplus capital to invest in foreign countries where she will have to wait a long time for returns. She has not many industries that seek markets abroad and are in a position to compete with British, German, Japanese, and American rivals. But she is deeply interested in the recovery of Russia as a grain-producing country. She must free herself from her present exclusive dependence upon American food supplies. Above all, she is vitally interested in the revival of her trade in the Black Sea. The prosperity of every Italian port, and particularly of our Adriatic ports, is intimately bound up with the East Mediterranean trade, and that trade cannot recover its normal proportions until commerce with Southern Russia is restored.

Therefore I think it extremely unwise to oppose the participation of our Government and our capitalists in Russian reconstruction, now that other countries are already taking steps in that direction without waiting for international conferences and compacts. Italy, to be sure, has neither the capital nor the machinery to restore the mines, the factories, the railways, and the river routes of Russia. But she can establish steamship lines running regularly and frequently to Black Sea ports; she can grant credits to our shippers; and she can encourage and supervise the settling of our surplus Italian engineers and skilled workers in Russia.

Other countries wealthier than our own can leave such measures to private initiative. In Italy, for the present at least, private enterprise must be supplemented by Government aid. The coöperation of the State and of private capital is peculiarly important in view of the present attitude and policies of the Russian Government. According to Krassin's statements at Genoa, the Soviet authorities have officially invited foreign Governments to participate in Russia's economic reconstruction and to resume trade with her. Russia does not, however, propose to treat all nations precisely the same. The Moscow leaders propose to limit or prohibit certain imports and exports,

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and to regulate the distribution of raw materials, according to the needs (?) of the countries with which they establish commercial relations. They propose to adjust their customs duties and rates of exchange to each particular country; and in particular, they do not intend to grant most favored nation treatment to any Government, thus indicating that they propose to discriminate in their treatment of different nations. In fact, Russia's international trade policies seemed to be entering upon a phase resembling in many respects that of the old mercantilist Governments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with great chartered companies, in which the State itself was heavily interested, and which enjoyed special privileges and often monopoly rights.

It is all very well to criticize and oppose these policies in the name of commercial freedom. But this criticism and opposition, if carried far enough, may prevent our enjoying the advantages of the Russian market at the all-important moment when the new trade channels with that country are being formed. If commercial possibilities in Russia are really as promising as they seem, we must act at once, and win as favorable a place in that commerce as our strongest rivals.

A LETTER FROM BESSARABIA

BY J. VOLQUIN

From *Journal des Débats, May* 4
(Quasi-Official Conservative Literary and Political Daily)

After leaving Jassy our train rolls slothfully across a monotonous country. Undulating hills extend on either side the railway for an indefinite distance. From time to time a settlement is visible, looking more like a group of savage huts than a Western village; here and there thatched houses, with walls lime-washed in brilliant colors; at long intervals a big castle; cabins perched on hillsides with their fronts supported on posts. The eye welcomes an occasional tile-roofed building, standing out by contrast among its more untidy neighbors. The sun has not yet dried up the rain of the previous day, and the water forms a chaplet of pools along the valley bottoms, where meditating storks make white spots in the brown landscape.

Although it is April, the prairies hardly show the first flush of green. In the newly plowed fields the freshly turned earth discloses black clods of a fertility unimaginable for us Westerners. Not a tree or an enclosure is in sight. I have the impression that the land has not been divided for centuries; the peasant has not been permitted to assert his title to the fields he tills by a hedgerow, a stone wall, or even a barbed-wire fence. Neither are there roads in our sense of the word. Peasant carts sink to the hub in the prairie tracks that have been converted into veritable mires by the recent rains.

After crossing the river Pruth, we are on former Russian territory. That river overflows easily, and its flood-

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waters have now spread far beyond its banks, forming an extraordinary tangle of channels and lagoons, enclosing peninsulas where cattle are grazing.

Bessarabia is identical in geography and race with Moldavia, the northern province of Old Rumania. The country is the same on both sides the Pruth. Bessarabian peasants, standing at the heads of their little horses to watch the train go by, are indistinguishable from those of Old Rumania. The chattering children begging gratuities at the stations speak the Moldavian tongue. But more than a century of Russian rule, the claim that the Soviet Republic still asserts to this country, the long and bitter struggle against Russianization, and the daily infiltration of Tsarist or Bolshevist agents, keep the people in a state of political unrest.

During the war, Rumania was most unhappy. Whichever way she turned she must ally herself with a Government that had wronged her. If she joined the Central Powers she must renounce all claim to her sons in Bukowina and Transylvania. If she allied herself with the Entente, she would be fighting side by side with Russia, and would endorse that country's unjust seizure of Bessarabia in 1812. The Rumanians of Transylvania and those of Bessarabia present quite different problems. In the Carpathians a long and bitter political struggle with their Hungarian rulers has enlightened and disciplined the people of Rumanian blood. But in Bessarabia no popular leaders have hitherto arisen. Transylvania is a great storehouse of mineral wealth and manufactures; Bessarabia is an almost inexhaustible granary.

Had Russia remained in the war, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for Rumania to recover her former province beyond the Pruth. But with the Bolshevist Revolution the situation changed completely and her armies promptly took possession of this territory.

At length we note from the car window a group of little houses along a river bank and, farther on, the hint of a large town. The latter grows more distinct, revealing a cluster of grayish church domes in the declining light. This is Kishenef, or Chisinau in Rumanian. Like all Russian cities, it has an imposing number of churches and many public monuments. The neighboring hillsides are planted with vineyards and orchards.

This town does not resemble a Rumanian city, but vividly impresses me with the fact that Soviet Russia lies just beyond. A broad avenue, Alexander Street, traverses the modern town, and contains most of the important public buildings. On the right and the left are parks. In the middle of one of these stands the Cathedral. Streets, at right angles, divide the city into regular squares.

The modern quarter has many fine edifices, some of them of impressive size and excellent construction. I have seldom seen schools as magnificently housed as those of Kishenef. The Russians seem to have considered Bessarabia a backward and almost illiterate province, where they could convert the people into Russians by giving them educational facilities. No statues are now left, except a bust of the poet Pushkin in the National Park. All marbles and bronzes recalling the glory of the Tsars have disappeared.

While the country remains Moldavian, Kishenef — the administrative, military, and educational centre of the province — is largely Russian. Usually cities adopt the customs of a conqueror sooner than the country. But when one reaches the suburbs, he again discovers himself in Moldavia. Very little Russian is spoken in the market

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place, although the crowd embraces people from all parts of Eastern Europe.

In fact the inhabitants are more interesting than the town itself. To watch the Sunday promenaders on Alexander Street, you might suppose this any ordinary provincial capital proudly airing its local wealth and fashion. But one must study the people more closely than that. If you wish to learn the true character of the population, visit the churches, and also the theatre, where you will hear both Russian and Rumanian on the stage. In the churches, especially at the Cathedral, the audience is exceedingly devout. Priests, whose features on the street are almost intimidating, look remarkably majestic in their sacred robes. The beauty of their choir-singing is incomparable. Men, only, chant the liturgy, sweet melopœian songs — truly divine — of which our stirring and more rigorous Gregorian chants give no conception. The mural paintings represent saints whose eyes are dilated with the mystic frenzy of ecstacy.

It is not permitted to present exclusively Russian plays at the theatre, but a mixture of Rumanian and Russian is allowed. Sometimes a singer who has escaped from the Lenin paradise passes through Kishenef and stops long enough to appear at a concert. Then the audience will be immense, and the applause frantic. Afterward, let a troop of Rumanian artists appear — they are not the best in the world — and the building that previously fairly vibrated with the enthusiasm of its occupants empties as if by magic, and the poor devils of artists finish before empty seats.

Kishenef is abundantly supplied with midnight cabarets. Their names recall Montmartre. Generally they are presided over by some former officer of the Tsarist army. These worthy individuals naturally possess the dignity of barkeepers. Suddenly the blue and pink butterflies scattered about the room group themselves around the piano and start a sad and plaintive song filled with the languorous melancholy of the neighboring steppes. You feel deep sympathy for these poor drifting creatures, floating on the flood of happiness and in the shoals of despair. They are waiting, with yearning eyes fixed on the neighboring frontier, for an opportunity to return to their native land, although they will find there neither estates nor mansions nor titles — nothing but the soil that bore them.

Two worlds defiantly confront each other across that frontier: one that makes robbery, pillage, and crime a principle of government; another that defends the old canons of Western civilization. However, there are ties between the two, and every night refugees profit by the good nature of the border guard to cross the Dniester. These poor destitute exiles cannot shake off the obsession of their trials and sufferings for a long period. They live as best they can. But they are not the only ones who slip across the river. Many Bolshevist agents manage to get over, for Soviet propaganda here shows itself as a real and vivid thing. And Moscow manages, somehow, to inspire its agents with a devotion that stands every test. I have authoritative facts upon this subject that are astounding.

Politically, the situation is as follows: Rumania has sent here her officials, whose imperfect knowledge of local conditions and whose eagerness to make the country completely Rumanian have caused some unfortunate blunders. Side by side with these are the former Tsarist officials and the Russian military caste, including old residents of the country and refugees from Russia proper. Most of these are malcontents, constantly conspiring and longing for a

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Kolchak, a Denikin, or a Wrangel to appear. They have lost their fortunes through the collapse of the old régime, and by the agrarian revolution in Bessarabia itself. Natural as is their discontent, they are as dangerous as, and no less active than, the emissaries of Lenin.

Meanwhile the peasants have suddenly become proprietors of the soil. For centuries they have been an amorphous mass, plastic as clay in the hands of the great estate owners, or boyars. Their political, moral, and civic education is still to be begun, and will take years to complete.

Expropriation was carried out in Bessarabia in a much more radical manner than in Old Rumania. Men who, prior to the war, owned thousands and thousands of acres have been allowed to keep only two hundred and fifty acres. Contrary to what has occurred in Old Rumania, even their forests, their vineyards, and their fishponds have been taken from them. One of these former proprietors said to me:

'I used to own and operate twenty-five thousand acres. I employed eighty steam plows. I never knew the size of my herds and flocks. I specialized in raising horses. What can I do now? I cannot even sell my steam plows and other agricultural machinery to the peasants, who would not know how to use them, and whose farms are too small, in any case, to employ them profitably. I shall go to Australia or some other country and start life again.'

But is the peasant contented? It would be risky to affirm this. The neighborhood of Russia, the diffusion among the people of pro-Bolshevist and pro-Russian ideas, and old hatreds exploited by unscrupulous politicians, have aroused a universal spirit of discontent. In Old Rumania, the agrarian revolution that transferred the land to the peasantry occurred without violence. That was not entirely the case in Bessarabia. During 1917 and 1918 many country mansions were pillaged and destroyed. Orderly conditions have not yet been completely restored, and travelers and residents are not yet perfectly secure.

The country districts have voted heavily in favor of the Peasant Party, but that party is divided within itself. One group, headed by the present Cabinet member from Bessarabia at Bucharest, supports the Bratiano Government, and apparently desires to restore law and order. But that will require much time and patience.

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JOHN AND VAN'KA

BY ALEXANDER ZUEV

From *Moscow Pravda, April* 13
(BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL DAILY)

I

ARA[1], as it is called, is America. John from Ara means that he is John from America. That's why he speaks Russian in the American way. When famine appeared he came from Ara to feed the children. Even from a distance he looks like an American. Thick, big — bigger than the biggest peasant, named Parafen. Round eyeglasses like owl's eyes. His pipe is black, burned at places. He is always smoking, and his smoke is sweet; one feels it a mile away. His clothes are distinguished — yellow, all leather.

'Mamushka, is John good or bad?'

'He is good to you children, but stingy to us grown-ups. Does n't he give you cocoa, and does n't it taste good?'

'When it is with sugar and biscuits — then it does taste good! The cocoa is black; good heavens, you can't see the bottom of the cup at all!'

'Why don't you bring some home with you, in a bottle perhaps?'

'No, John would scold me for that!'

Mother does n't understand why John should scold, for has not America put him here to look after all in his district? But America did not bid him feed grown-ups; she authorized him to feed only the little ones.

After John has fed the children at the station, he comes out to sit on the front porch. He sits and puffs away on his pipe — it looks as if he is dreaming about his Ara — his own native America. The children are standing before the porch watching John.

'John, give us biscuits!'

'*Niet* biscuits!'

'Let us lick the cans.'

'There are no cans!'

'Let us, John!'

'*Niet*, understand, *niet!* Finished!'

John turns his angry eyes upon the children. The children do not believe him. 'Uh, he cheats us!'

John is always so: *niet* and *niet;* then he smiles, and either puts his hands into his pockets, producing from them biscuits, or goes to the kitchen and brings out for each one a can which had contained sweet milk poured into cocoa.

'Ah, John is good! Though he looks stern, he is good. But see Birkin, the cook that John brought from the city — he is of entirely different stuff. Well, he is our own Russian trash!'

Birkin jumps out upon the porch and, seeing that John is not there, gives the children a beating.

'*Kysh*, little devils!'

How greedy he is — as if he had not enough cans to lick! How fat he has become in the kitchen — his cheeks are bursting!

The children are chirping like sparrows on a fence: 'Uh, Birkin-dyrka, we'll tell John that you are carrying biscuits to the girls in the village!'

'Oh, John will teach you!'

'What? Biscuits?' Birkin gets excited. But remembering that John does not understand Russian, he soon quiets

[1] American Relief Administration

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down and throws a stick among the children.

'Well, all right! Tell him, you rascals — dogs!'

II

Once John went to walk in the village. The spring sun had already melted the snow. Black streams were running along the streets, but John did not pay any attention to these. He had rubber boots on — the water was nothing to him. He walked down the centre of the street, looking toward the windows of the cottages.

Van'ka[2] dashed out upon the front porch.

'How do you do, John! Would you give me a biscuit?'

John made a sign with his hand calling Van'ka to him. He took Van'ka by the hand and began to walk toward the station. He himself was silent, thinking his own thoughts. Van'ka got awfully frightened; maybe somebody had lied about him.

'Why, what — I — *nichevo!* I did not take anything! By God, I did n't, John! No, no, I did n't!'

John was silent, puffing away on his pipe. Van'ka began to plan a sudden rush for freedom; but he did not carry out the plan, for he knew John would certainly overtake him.

'Well, all right. Take me! I am going myself, for I did n't take anything —'

They reached the station. Here it was explained to Van'ka that John had hired him to carry empty dishes from the dining-room to the kitchen.

III

What a wonderous life for Van'ka! He began to brag to Mamushka: 'White bread — well, more than you can eat! And yesterday I began to drink my cocoa and John brought me half a can of sweet milk — I could n't drink it all!'

Mother says: 'How lucky you are! Can't you bring something home? Grandma has stopped eating bread. She can't stand on her feet any more. She may die soon.'

Her bread is poplar bark. If she does not get anything more palatable she will certainly die. She is old, very old — and old and young are of the same stuff.

But Van'ka, remembering John, answers sternly: 'No, Mamushka, it can't be done. America does not allow it.'

'Well, then, a little bit!' Mamushka begs.

'No, no! Understand, this cannot be done!' answers Van'ka, trying to imitate John's eyes as they look when he is denying anything.

'Grandma has begun to swell from hunger; her face has changed and her legs have lost all strength. Birkin is swollen from overfeeding, but Grandma from hunger. Why such a difference?'

Van'ka suddenly softens. 'All right, I will do what I can. Come to-night to the back of the station. I may be able to throw something to you out of the window there.'

With an air of importance Van'ka walks the village street. Hands in his pockets, he looks at the windows. Perhaps the children will rush upon the street and shout: 'Van'ka, give us biscuits!' Then he will answer like John: '*Niet*, understand, *niet!* Finished!'

IV

The small storeroom attached to the back of the station looked through a small dark window — so small that a cat could hardly crawl through it — upon the back yard with its dirty board walk.

Holding up her wet skirt and cautiously stepping through the mud,

[2] Caress form of the name Ivan — John

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Van'ka's Mamushka was stealing toward the storeroom. Nervous and agitated, she looked back now and then and listened. It seemed to her that the slushing of the mud under her feet was echoed back to her from every corner. Finally she reached the window, and there she crouched down as though looking for something, in case someone should see her and ask why she had come to the back of the station. She had to wait a long time. Her heart was beating fast and she could scarcely breathe.

John kept in the storeroom barrels, sacks, and cans — blue cans with meats and white ones with biscuits. They all bore American labels and only John could read them. The lock on the door of the storeroom was only for the sake of appearances. Pull it a little and see — it comes out by itself. Birkin had broken it for the purpose of stealing.

Silently, like a mouse, Van'ka slips in the black darkness toward the faintly bluish window. Here on the table is white bread sliced for to-morrow. What a hill of it! Van'ka rapidly hides several soft and fragrant slices under the fold of his shirt.

'Mamushka, do you hear me? Hold up your hand!'

Something moves beneath the window. Water splashes. Mamushka grabs the slices, eagerly snatching them from the boy's hands. Van'ka does n't like this.

'Wait! Don't snatch!' he angrily whispers. 'Or else I won't give you any more and you'll have to get out of here!'

Suddenly he collapsed. The door creaked behind him, and Birkin scratched a match at the door. Sleepy and frightened, he peered for a long time into the corner.

'Well, crawl out here. What are you doing here? Playing cat? Perhaps you came to guard us against mice, eh?'

In a faint voice Van'ka apologized: 'Grandma is swollen — God knows, God knows!'

'A-a, swollen! And you are not swollen? Here, you litttle cur, I'll teach you! See, take this!'

V

In the morning there was a hearing concerning Van'ka. Birkin testified to John, showing the pulled-out broken lock, and whispered into his ear: 'Do you understand? Van'ka is a thief. He is not fit for his position.'

John was angry and he scolded for a long time in his American tongue. He then took the apron off Van'ka and said in his broken Russian: 'Understand? Your services no longer needed! Finished!'

Until midday Van'ka stood leaning against the telegraph pole by the station, sobbing unendingly. Two wires ran from pole to pole, disappearing in the distant field. They endlessly sang their sorrowful song. Van'ka listened, putting his ear to the pole, and it seemed to him that this was his own cry in his endless, great, and bitter sorrow. He grieved for himself and for his Mamushka.

John came out on the porch and looked long upon him, finally saying as if to himself: 'It's no good — little — Russian — thief.' Then he puffed on his pipe and added: 'Stupid!'

He reëntered the house, and Van'ka cried still more bitterly than before.

Somewhere near, behind the corner of the house, the children were debating among themselves the question whether John was good or bad. One was betting three biscuits that John was good.

And Van'ka stood and sorrowfully thought that John would never understand him and his offense, because John was an American and could understand only in his own way — his American way,

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MEDITATIONS ON THE RADIOPHONE

BY 'SOLOMON EAGLE'

[*Under the pen name, 'Solomon Eagle,' Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of the* London Mercury *and literary critic of the* Observer, *contributes a weekly page to the London* Outlook.]

From the *Outlook, May* 13
(Conservative Literary Weekly)

The newspapers are doing their best to infect this country with the 'radio' mania which they allege to have caught hold of the United States. For fifteen pounds or so you can get, they say, a wireless-telephone set. You have only to sit down in your chair, unhook the receiver, and arrange your wave-length to suit, and you will be able to hear whatever is being sent out. Mr. Lloyd George may be making a speech, Kreisler may be playing a sonata: however far away you may be, you will be able to listen in comfort.

Already in America enterprising syndicates are, we are told, extending their services beyond these obvious fields. For instance, there is a nightly nursery-tale for the bairns. Father and mother no longer have to sit by the bedside and rack their brains for incidents. They give the parting kiss, hand over the earpiece to the expectant babe, and leave him to enjoy himself until the installment ends. It sounds rather gruesome. The human element gone, and a machine grinding out a story from the big store: 'Waahdce . . . kh, kh, kh . . . upod a ti-i-ibe . . . kh, kh. . . .' The worst of it is that one cannot be sure that the modern child, which has so great a passion for 'weekly comics' and for machinery, will not like it.

We are to have the speeches, the concerts, the fairy tales. We shall also have, no doubt, the advertisements. The zephyrs will be laden with the merits of soaps, whiskey, and teas. What I cannot quite make out, however, is how on earth, if the thing is to become general, we are to prevent 'jamming,' whether accidental or deliberate. There is not an indefinite number of possible wave-lengths, and if transmitting is not to be severely restricted, there will be not enough wave-lengths to go round. It is difficult to see, unless monopolies of dissemination are allowed, how we are to prevent the air becoming a welter of contesting voices. Even if monopolies are allowed, — though I don't see how the monopolists are going to collect their dues from subscribers when there are no longer wires to be fixed to the houses, — who is to prevent interruptions from the wanton?

These things are not impossible of construction, and you can get, whether as sender or receiver, on to any wave-length you like. Well enough that a million householders from Aberdeen to Penzance should, on a frosty night, sit down with their whiskey and listen to Mr. Lloyd George speaking in Birmingham. But there are people who do not like Mr. Lloyd George; there are also people who do not care a dump about Mr. Lloyd George one way or the other, but like to get a chance of a big audience. Suppose the million intent politicians hear passages like this: —

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Ladies and gentlemen — *Boo* — my only concern is for the interests of this great Empire — *Dirty Liar* — which have now been in my charge — *Pink Pills, Pink Pills, Pink Pills* — for nearly seven years.

That, at present, would seem to be possible. And, when Kreisler is playing his Beethoven andante, what is to prevent some unscrupulous modernist from blowing a horrible great saxophone into an instrument set to Kreisler's wave-length and messing up the whole concern?

The layman does not see an easy way out of this difficulty, nor of the difficulty of securing payment from subscribers. Should they be solved, however, I conceive that there may be an opening for men of letters. The novelist, instead of hurrying from town to town lecturing about himself and his brethren, may sit at his ease in London and connect up with everybody in the whole country who desires to hear his voice and sentiments. The poet whose recitation would not attract enough people to fill a hall in any one town will have quite enough scattered supporters to make it worth while for a company to hire him once a week to give a recitation in its central office. There are many who would rather listen to a serial novel than to any number of speeches by Cabinet Ministers, and many who would as soon hear the contents of a new book of verse before buying it. Littérateurs will add 'wireless-telephone rights' to the long lists of rights of which they already dispose.

In the interim, before the whole thing has been regularized and unwanted interlopers warned off the air, there are publics for all. The man who has never been able to get a soul to buy one of his books may get a telephone set and make sure of a growing audience until the period of congestion begins. He may also, as I suggested before, be able to butt into the performances of his rivals and attempt to seduce their publics from them. I can hear the affecting recitation by Mr. Brown end, and then the insinuating voice of another begin: 'Smith speaking. Don't cut off. I really do think you will be interested in what I want to say. Can you seriously suppose that that man deserves his reputation? Think of the padding! How ineffably pompous that second stanza was; what a flagrant crib the third! . . . Now listen to my *Ode to a Scorpion*.'

That will be in the transitional period. But if one's experience of the human race goes for anything the chances are that in the end the most popular fiction will be the thing most easily obtainable on the wireless-telephone services. We are not in the habit of making the most of our scientific inventions and allowing them to improve the quality of our lives — however much some of them may vary and accelerate the manner of our deaths.

After all, it may not make so much difference as I have supposed. The inventions of steam and electricity have affected our daily lives, and have even affected our literature to some extent; but not nearly so much as one would think, and not nearly so much as their inventors anticipated. I understand that at the present moment it is possible for anyone to interfere in a telephone conversation, if he takes the trouble to tap the wire and is prepared to face the danger of arrest by the police for doing so. The police, of course, would require a license for every wireless-telephone apparatus issued to the public; but I doubt whether such a regulation would deter the criminals and the practical jokers that I have in mind.

Giving up the struggle in despair, you might imprison the inventor and burn his patent; but somebody else would be sure to think of it again, sooner or later. Murder will out. It

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comes to this — that there will no longer be any privacy in our lives. Our words will be cast upon the waters, as the ancient Egyptians cast bread, and will return to us in a garbled fashion that has been passed on from receiver to receiver among those whose telephones happen to be of the same wavelengths. If there were plenty of wavelengths, if they were as numerous as the different kinds of Yale locks, it would not matter: privacy could be maintained. But I understand that they number only a few paltry hundreds, and while that state of affairs continues, I, for one, shall hesitate to speak confidentially on a wireless telephone.

STANDARDIZED AMERICA

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, April 29*
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Quantity and uniformity are the accepted notes of America. The geography of the country, of course, impresses this truth first upon the traveler. And no one who knows America from outside or inside can question the influence of external environment upon the character and conduct of a people. Life is standardized there as nowhere else. Machinery and mass production are everywhere dominant. Not only machine-made goods, but machine-made towns, with machine-made men and women, everywhere abound. For from industry, standardization and mass production have eaten their way into every department of life. Food, clothing, housing, heating, and all the material factors in a standard of comfort are made and distributed by an elaboration of mechanical method unknown in any other country.

Though there exist, of course, grades of quality in material goods to correspond with grades of income, within each grade the same principle of uniformity prevails. The members of each class or income-group of Americans live much more exactly alike than elsewhere. If this is most conspicuous in personal attire, that is because the leveling influence of publicity gets fullest action here. But since Americans live much more habitually under the public eye than most other peoples, in large tenements or unfenced houses, the standardizing pressure is stronger at every point. The knowledge that our neighbors know so much about our ways of living is itself a powerful incentive to conformity, and plays most profitably into the hands of mass production.

But the same equality and uniformity hold sway in the intellectual and moral life. Education, the newspaper, the book trade, the movies, the theatre, the institutional church, are all huge apparatuses for imposing on the American mind identical opinions and beliefs, sentiments and interests.

Schools and colleges get action on young America upon a scale and with an energy elsewhere unknown, and stamp upon it common elements of information, feeling, and opinion, upon which the press and all the other 'cultural' machinery of the country can

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count for reliable reactions to their mechanical stimuli.

By means of the most lavish advertising applied to this most suggestible material, Americans are made to read the same books at the same time, see the same plays, hear the same lectures and music, and exhibit the same preferences and aversions on matters of politics, morals, art, literature, and even science. Nowhere else has the whole of human nature been brought so fully under the dominion of big business and the machine.

When, as has often happened, foreigners have made this commentary upon American civilization, patriotic Americans have expressed resentment at what they assert is a superficial view. This consideration lends a special interest to the very complete and naïve corrobation just given in a large volume upon *Civilization in the United States*, edited by Harold E. Stearns, containing contributions by thirty American writers who survey the whole range of American life and activities. Their common note is one of lamentation at the failure of liberty, variety, personality, distinction, in every department of life. No work of genius, no great thing, they complain, can come out of such an America, for genius on its first appearance is eccentricity, and America is intolerant of eccentricity.

The war, of course, has aggravated the tendency. 'Conform, or get out,' is now the *mot d'ordre*, applied most ruthlessly to the new strains of European and other immigrants who bring with them variations of thought, feeling, and value, which, allowed free expression, might enrich the civilization of America in countless ways. No! America does not want disturbing influences. She simply wants to pass the flatiron of Americanization over all newcomers.

American government, her constitution, her conduct of business, her standards of life and thought, are good enough for all good Americans. They want no radical reforms of any sort. The very fact that the term 'radical' should have acquired the offensive and alarming meaning that it has, itself attests to the tough insistence of the rulers and possessors of America upon the conservation of their radical inheritance. For 'radicals' from many strains of Europe in past generations made the America which this secret oligarchy rules to-day in the name of a democracy, out of which the elements of liberty and of any real equality have passed.

Sociologists sometimes point to America as the supreme achievement of the herd-mind. Several of these American critics accept this line of interpretation. The origins of the nation seem to favor it. Absence of the sharp class-divisions, save in the Southern Colonies, a greater equality of economic and social opportunity than anywhere in Europe, conspired with the deep need for neighborly solidarity in a pioneer society to enforce close herd-coöperation for all essential purposes of life. Add to this the cultivation of a formal sentiment of equality, the self-respect of the political, religious, and economic nonconformists who first peopled America, and you have a sufficient explanation of the uniformity and intolerance of to-day. For the nonconformity of groups not merely furnishes no protection for individual nonconformity, but represses dissidence within its own ranks more rigorously.

Asperity of criticism, such as many of these writers bring to bear, is not, however, the best approach to an understanding of the case. 'High-brows' may resent the lack of opportunity for individual distinction which uniformity involves. But it is essential to bear in mind that the overwhelming majority of Americans set high emotional value

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on this characteristic. Though they may resent the term 'herd-mind,' the thing is what they want and like. The sense of close, multitudinous personal contacts, the swarming in hotels, conventions, and all forms of 'get-together,' the organized processions, clubs, and societies, Chautauquas, church socials, parades, the ritual of badges, college yells, and other emblems of solidarity, are genuine fruits of the spirit of America.

These personal contacts feed that easy sociability which characterizes almost all Americans. Its cost is intolerance, rejection of the eccentric, low valuation of personal superiority, and action along the lines called 'the fatalism of the multitude.' It is the endeavor of the herd-mind to reach its highest and most elaborate development in a human society which shall work almost as instinctively as does a beehive, and almost as destructively for individual freedom.

But no true analysis can be quite so simple as this sounds. Nature is not uniform but variable, and in America the variations have been unceasing. The very vehemence of Americanization testifies to the varying tendency. This attempt to grind out of the newcomers the best they bring, the surviving traits from long centuries of selection in a different environment, cannot prove so successful as the social machinist hopes. Good Americans of the older stocks may be reduced to close conformity, but new blood brings independent ways of thought, feeling, and action, not so easily drilled out.

It must not escape us that, though America has produced very little individual work of genius in the world of thought and art, science and religion, she has been recognized as the happy hunting-ground for cranks and heretics in religion, economics, politics, hygiene, and medicine, and even in literary forms. Many of the graver vices of American civilization, upon which our critics fasten, are breaches of law and of social codes of morality. A more plausible indictment of that civilization can be made on the ground of rebellion than on that of obedience, as the annals of homicide, robbery, divorce, lynching, and industrial warfare, and the general prevalence of certain sorts of lawlessness testify. If prohibition is one of the boldest achievements of a machine-made majority, its wholesale evasion announces the corresponding boldness of a recalcitrant minority.

It seems as if great laxity at some points were consistent with the oppressive domination of society in others. Perhaps the currency of standardization in essentials is actually served by canalizing individual freedom and craving for personal distinction into nonessentials. Games and sport furnish large fields for personal adventure and prowess. In spiritual activity we find this sprouting of queer, crude novelties in religion, art, or literature — anything with a not-too-dangerous kick. This explains why 'Americanization' is concentrated chiefly upon the repression of opinions, political, economic, or moral, that are liable to cause dangerous discontent with the economic rule of the possessing minority. For the brunt of intolerance to-day is in the region of political and economic instruction and organization. The old theological bigotry is passing, — save in a few parts of the belated South, — because American religion has become an annex of patriotism and profiteering.

Upon the whole, this standardization of life and thought commands the allegiance of the great majority. They enjoy the cozy herd-feeling, and win a dispensation from the intolerable toil of thought. This sort of equality means to them Democracy. They do not want the loneliness, the effort, and the risk of

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feeling, reasoning, and acting for themselves. So they gladly give up the right of private judgment to their Catholic Church.

This explains what one of the writers in this volume calls the 'spiritual starvation' of America, the failure of the personality to function freely in any of the great creative arts. It also explains why 'the revolution' has no chance in America. The herd-mind, intensely conservative, literally cowers beneath the sound of the word Bolshevism, applied, as Anarchism used to be, to every sort of reform movement or policy.

Under such conditions it seems evident that Democracy, as we in Europe understand it, based on personal liberty, is impossible for America. But this makes the great American experiment only the more interesting. For a civilization which is the full and complete expression of herd conditions, welding into close uniformity not merely the actions but the thoughts and feelings of the entire membership of a huge nation, would be a unique achievement in human history. Britons might not like such a life. But for Americans it may appear to be Utopia.

THE HORRORS OF OXFORD

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

[*Professor Leacock, who, as everybody knows, is not merely a famous humorist, but also a well-known Canadian economist and a member of the faculty of McGill University, Montreal, has been for some time in England, where he has delivered several addresses and contributed numerous articles to the magazines and newspapers. A retort courteous in Professor Leacock's own vein, which emanates from 'An Oxford Correspondent,' appears elsewhere in this issue.*]

From the *Morning Post, April* 29
(Tory Daily)

In writing of the University of Oxford I may say that I am writing of something of which I have absolutely first-hand information. My interest as a university professor led me, during my recent lecture tour in England, to make a special visit to Oxford in order to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel, and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great University. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907, and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate, I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British University is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have

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lunch with President Lowell, and then write a whole chapter on 'The Excellence of Higher Education in America.' I have known another one come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and then write an entire book on 'The Decline of Serious Study in America.'

Or take the case of my own University. I remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling coming to McGill and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2.30 P.M.: 'You have here a great institution.' But how could he have gathered this information? As far as I know, he spent the entire morning with Sir Andrew MacPhail in his house beside the campus, smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Palæontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our new hydraulic apparatus or of our classes in Domestic Science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, 'McGill is a noble University'; and the rash and indiscreet expression of the Prince of Wales, when we gave him an LL.D. degree, 'McGill has a glorious future.'

To my mind, these unthinking judgments about our great colleges do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything I said about Oxford should be the product of actual observation and real study based upon a bona fide residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements. It has a great past; it is at present the greatest university in the world; and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. Its lectures are rotten. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum is unintelligible. It has no president. It has no state legislature to tell how to teach. And yet—it gets there. Whether we like it or not, Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate but not equal. If anyone doubts this, let him go and take a room at the Mitre Hotel — ten and six for a wainscoted bedroom, period of Charles I — and study the place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building-fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at Wadham College have not been renewed since the year 1605. In Merton and Magdalen the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the fourteenth century.

At Christ Church College I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey in 1525. Incredible though it may seem, they have still no other place to cook in than this and are compelled to use it to-day. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch: this at least is what I presumed they were doing from the size of the fireplace used; but it may not have been an ox, perhaps it was only a cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet.

In this rude way, unchanged since the time of Henry VIII, the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cosy little boarding-houses on Cottage Avenue

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where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining-rooms of the students' boarding-houses in Toronto. But then, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building-fund necessitates the Oxford students living in the identical old boarding-houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called 'quadrangles' and 'rooms,' but I am so broken in to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling them boarding-houses. In many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students; the windows have little latticed panes; there are old names carved here and there upon the stone; and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls.

The boarding-house at St. John's College dates from 1555, the one at Brasenose from 1509. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel and brick structures like the Normal School at Schenectady, N. Y., or the Peel Street High School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was attempted last autumn towards removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Anyone could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten up Oxford, unless at the same time one cleared the stone of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire-escapes, and in fact brought the boarding-houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire-escapes, ventilation, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and it is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than the University of Toronto.

To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of money, the 30,000,000 dollar endowment of the University of Chicago, and the 35,000,000 dollars of Columbia, and the 43,000,000 dollars of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there every time. It was therefore of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It has hardly been due to anything in the curriculum or programme of studies. Indeed, to anyone accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as they flourish in the United States and Canada, the programme of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less Applied Science in the place than would be found with us in a Theological College. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric-wiring, gas-fitting, or the use of a blowtorch. Any American college student can run a motor car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things, indeed, which stamp him as a college man, and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur,

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STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION. III

BY FEODOR DOSTOEVSKII

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April* 29
(RADICAL-LIBERAL PRO-RATHENAU DAILY)

THE reading lasted fully an hour. Tichon read slowly, and possibly re-read some passages several times. Stavrogin sat silent and motionless during the whole period. Very remarkably the impatient, almost absent-minded expression that had hovered over his features the whole morning nearly vanished. He was calm, and there was a certain candor in his look that was almost dignified. Tichon removed his glasses, hesitated, and at last raised his eyes. Then he began, cautiously:

'Will it be permissible for a person to amend this paper in any way?'

'Why? I've written it honestly,' replied Stavrogin.

'I mean as to style — '

'I forgot to tell you,' Stavrogin said quickly and violently, pointing toward the Bishop, 'that you are wasting your words. I'll not give up my idea. Don't try to dissuade me. I shall publish it.'

'You did n't forget to tell me that — before I read it.'

'It's all the same,' interrupted Stavrogin impetuously. 'No matter how subtle your objections may be, I shall do what I propose. You may think what you will of the aptness or inaptness of my sentences. I do not intend to discuss that matter, or to be persuaded.'

'I could not disadvise you, or try to convince you that you should give up this plan. Your idea is a mighty one. A Christian could not go deeper. Remorse cannot do more than the remarkable thing that you propose to do, if only — '

'If only what?'

'If it were only — really a true Christian idea.'

'I have been honest.'

'You only want to make yourself more evil — more evil than your heart feels.' Tichon became bolder; the document had evidently made a strong impression upon him.

'Make myself? I tell you again, I make nothing. I am playing no actor game.'

Tichon quickly dropped his eyes again.

'This document has been torn from a mortally wounded heart. Do I understand rightly?' he insisted, with unusual warmth. 'Yes, from your remorse. That is the natural crying-out of a heart that has won a victory. You are on the right path, and you have arrived there in an unprecedented way. But you already hate and despise in advance those who will read what you have written here, and defy them. If you are not ashamed to confess a sin, why are you ashamed of your remorse?'

'I, ashamed?'

'You are ashamed and afraid.'

'I, afraid?'

'Yes, mortally afraid. You say here, indeed, "Let them stare at me"; but ask yourself, how will you look others in the face? In your confession some places have been underlined. You flirt with your soul's experiences, and seize upon every trifle to astound the reader with your callousness — a cal-

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lousness that you by no means feel. Is that aught less than the affected boldness of a guilty man before his judge?'

'What affected boldness? I have voluntarily submitted myself to judgment.'

Tichon remained silent, but his pale cheeks flushed.

'Let's drop this,' said Stavrogin harshly. 'Permit me now to ask you a question: for five minutes we've been talking about this (he pointed to the paper); I have not observed in you the slightest evidence of censure or shame. You do not seem very sensitive — '

He stopped abruptly; for the Bishop started to speak.

'I'll not conceal my feeling from you. This excess of vigor, displaying itself for the most part in base actions, outrages me. So far as your sins themselves are concerned, many sin in the same way, but live in peace and quiet with their conscience; or they regard such things as the natural delinquencies of youth. Yes, more than that, there are old men who sin that way, and take joy and pleasure in it. The whole world is full of such disgusting acts. But you have comprehended your depravity with a power and vividness that is very rare.'

Laughing sarcastically, Stavrogin interrupted: 'Are you going to respect me the more, perhaps, after reading this paper?'

'I will not answer that question. But a greater and baser sin than yours toward that little child cannot be conceived — cannot exist.'

'Let us consider this. I may not suffer as much as I have said here, and perhaps I have misrepresented my case seriously,' added Stavrogin, impetuously.

Tichon pondered in silence. At last he asked: 'But this girl with whom you sinned in Switzerland — may I ask where she is now?'

'Here.'

Silence again.

'Perhaps I lied extravagantly about myself,' repeated Stavrogin, insistently. 'In any case, what does it matter if the bluntness and roughness of my confession angers you? For you are clearly angry. I merely force you to despise me a little more, that is all. It makes it easier for me.'

'You mean that your evil arouses evil in others, and that you are relieved by being hated instead of by accepting pity.'

'You are right. Do you know,' added Stavrogin, suddenly bursting into laughter, 'perhaps people will call me a Jesuit and a pious snooper, after reading this paper. Ha, ha, ha! Is n't it true?'

'Naturally, beyond question, it will have that effect. And — are you going to carry out your idea immediately?'

'To-day, to-morrow, next day — how do I know? But very soon. You are right; that is what will happen. I will publish the thing to the world unexpectedly, in some moment of intense thirst for revenge — some crisis of furious hatred, when I am bursting with contempt and disgust for that world.'

'Answer me one question honestly, and answer it just to me — to me alone,' said Tichon, in a changed tone of voice. 'If anyone were to forgive you for this (Tichon pointed to the paper), — not a person whom you loved or feared, but some unknown person, a man whom you may never meet, — if such a man in his own heart upon reading your fearful confession were to forgive you, would that knowledge be a relief to you or of utter indifference to you?'

'It would be a relief,' said Stavrogin, half aloud. 'If you were to forgive me, it would be a great relief,' he added, dropping his eyes.

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'As it would be if you were to forgive me,' murmured Tichon.

'What disgusting humility! Do you know, those monkish platitudes fall flat. I'm telling you the whole truth. I wish you to forgive me, and perhaps a second and a third person to do so; but all the rest — I would rather have them hate me. But for that reason I wish to endure their hatred humbly.'

'But if the whole world pitied you, could you not bear that pity with the same humility?'

'Perhaps not. Why ask?'

'I appreciate the extent of your honesty, and naturally have failed, in so far as I am not able to win your confidence. I know that is my own great fault,' said Tichon frankly and humbly, looking Stavrogin directly in the eyes. Then he added: 'It is only because I fear for you — an almost bottomless chasm yawns before you.'

'I may not stick it out? I may not be able to endure their hatred?' interjected Stavrogin.

'Not their hatred alone.'

'What, then?'

'Their ridicule,' Tichon replied in a low voice and unwillingly.

Stavrogin was puzzled. An uneasy expression spread over his countenance. He said: 'I suspected it. And so I must have seemed very funny to you when you were reading my document! Don't distress yourself; don't move. I suspected it.'

'Indignation will be universal, though naturally more affected than genuine. People fear only things threatening their personal interest. I do not mean those who are honest with themselves: they will search their own souls in terror, and condemn themselves. You will not know who they are, because they will be silent. But ridicule will be vocal everywhere.'

'I am surprised at the evil — the base estimate you have of men,' said Stavrogin bitterly.

'Believe me, I have judged others by myself,' exclaimed Tichon.

'Really? Is there then actually in your soul something that revels in my misery?'

'Who knows? Perhaps. It is possible.'

'Enough. Show me anything ridiculous in what I have written. I know it's there; but I want you to point it out. Don't spare me; tell me honestly, as honestly as you can. And I want to tell you once more that you are a fearful eccentric.'

'The expression of such violent remorse has a ridiculous aspect. Do you not believe in that which you cannot subdue?' exclaimed the Bishop suddenly, almost losing his composure. 'Even this form of confession may save one,' and he pointed to the paper, 'if it is only upright and sincere. It has always happened that the most despised cross has proved glorious and mighty in the end, if our deed is done in a spirit of humility. Possibly you will receive consolation even in this life.'

'So, perhaps you consider merely the form ridiculous,' insisted Stavrogin.

'The contents also. Its ugliness kills its virtue,' remarked Tichon, casting down his eyes.

'Ugliness! What ugliness?'

'Of your sin. There are really ugly sins. There are crimes that are bloody, terrifying, dramatic — picturesque, so to speak. There are acts that are base, common, beneath us, terrible and awful — tasteless, as it were.'

Tichon ceased speaking.

'You mean,' said Stavrogin, with excited irritation, 'that you think it funny I kissed the hand of the dirty little girl. I understand you mighty well. And you doubt me simply because it is ugly, displeasing to your good taste

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— no, not displeasing, but humilitating and funny; and you think I'll not be able to face the world on account of that.'

Tichon remained silent.

'I understand now your question about the woman from Switzerland.'

'You are not prepared. You are not solidly anchored,' murmured Tichon hesitatingly, looking at the floor. 'You have no foundation. You do not believe.'

'Listen, Father Tichon. I want to forgive myself. That is my object, my only object,' said Stavrogin suddenly, with a mystical exaltation in his eyes. 'I know that only then will the vision that constantly haunts me vanish. That is why I seek unending suffering — seek it of my own accord. Do not dissuade me from that, or I shall sink into the depths.'

Such frankness was so unexpected that Tichon stood up.

'If you believe that you can forgive yourself, and that you can attain this forgiveness in this world through suffering — if you set such an object before your faith, you believe everything!' he exclaimed warmly. 'How can you say that you do not believe in God?'

Stavrogin did not answer.

'God will forgive you for this unbelief, because you honor the Holy Ghost without recognizing Him.'

'For the rest, will Christ forgive?' asked Stavrogin, with a forced smile, and in a different tone. There was a shade of scorn in his question. 'It is written: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones —" You recall that the Bible knows no greater sin than mine. The substance of all your talk is this: you do not want a great scandal, and you are laying a trap for me, good Father Tichon.' Stavrogin spoke with a touch of languid bitterness, and made a movement as if to rise. 'To put it briefer, you want me to tame down, perhaps to marry, and to end my life as a good clubman here. Naturally I should visit your cloister every holy day. Is n't it true? For the rest, you are a shrewd reader of souls, and perhaps fancy that the only thing necessary is to persuade me to consider my reputation. Is n't it true?'

He laughed harshly.

'No, I have something different to propose,' interrupted Tichon with warmth, disregarding entirely Stavrogin's laugh and the sarcasm of his remark. 'I know an old man — not here, but in the neighborhood. He is a hermit and a monk, and his widom in the teaching of Christ is deeper than either of us can fathom. He would hear my request. I shall tell him about you. Go to him, and serve him five years, seven years, as long as you feel it is necessary. Make that vow, and by this sacrifice you will win what you seek; and also more than you seek, because you cannot yet comprehend your full compensation.'

Stavrogin listened attentively.

'You propose to me to enter that cloister as a monk?'

'You do not need to enter the cloister; you do not need the tonsure. You can do this as a lay brother, and at the same time live as an ordinary member of society —'

'Drop it, Father Tichon!' Stavrogin spoke roughly, rising again. Tichon also rose.

'What are you after?' Stavrogin shouted suddenly, staring at Tichon, almost frightened. The latter stood in front of his guest, stretching his arms in front of him with the palms of his hands together; and a painful twitching, as of intense dread, flashed over his countenance.

'What 's the matter with you? What are you after?' repeated Stavrogin, and stepped quickly forward to support him. He imagined that Tichon was about to fall.

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'I see — I see plainly,' exclaimed Tichon, in a voice that pierced the heart with the profundity of its sorrow. 'Never, you poor, lost youth, have you stood so close to a new sin, the most horrible sin of all, than at this moment.'

'Calm yourself,' begged Stavrogin, seriously moved. 'Naturally I shall postpone the thing. You are right.'

'No, not after you have made the contents of this paper public. But before — a day, perhaps an hour, before that great step, you will fall into a new sin, a final sin, and for that reason alone you will do all in your power to prevent the publication of your confession.'

Stavrogin trembled with rage, and almost with terror. 'D——d psychologist!' he stammered in fury; and without looking back, he bolted from the room.

AT THE TAILOR'S DANCE

BY S. H.

[*This lively Croatian tale is taken from* Our New Humorists, *a collection of humorous stories and sketches that recently appeared at Agram.*]

In an ancient-looking easy-chair in Lieutenant Sabljich's room sat Makazich, the military and civilian tailor, to whom, as was well known throughout the city, the officers of the regiment stationed there always owed money. Before him stood Lieutenant Sabljich, saying: 'Wait, Makazich. My word of honor, in a few days I shall realize some money from my house and then I 'll settle with you to the last copper.'

'Yes,' said Makazich. 'But last year, just before Christmas, you said the same thing: "I shall realize some money from my house"; and now, almost a year later, there is still no money forthcoming from you. My dear sir, I believe you have never owned a house.'

'What! You dare doubt my word?' said the Lieutenant, showing anger.

'Please, *gospodine* Lieutenant, you need not excite yourself,' said the tailor. 'To-morrow I shall take my claim to the regimental commander.'

The young officer turned pale. 'But, Makazich, Makazich, listen to reason!' he begged.

'H-m! You owe me a couple of thousand — more than any other officer of the regiment. I would not credit the higher officers as much as I did you. And now you — '

'But what can I do?' The Lieutenant was desperate. 'Shall I sign a new note? In two months I can surely pay you.'

'Oh, *gospodine* Lieutenant, you are forgetful! I have had experience with your notes.'

'Then I don't know what I can do,' said Lieutenant Sabljich, throwing up his hands.

Makazich the tailor then lighted a cigar, took a few puffs, and resumed: 'A fine body of men you officers seem to be! You do not try to live on what you have, but go to excess. Why don't you practice thrift for a time? Take me, for example. I was poor, I had

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nothing; now look at me: I own two houses and have a good business.'

The tailor's words were a torture to Lieutenant Sabljich; but Makazich resumed: 'Well — ' Then it seemed as though an idea had just occurred to him. 'I will make you a proposition. To-morrow evening I am giving a dance to celebrate my daughter's eighteenth birthday.'

'What has that to do with my debt?'

'Now, please, *gospodine* Lieutenant, I shall explain it to you. My daughter Perka will be eighteen to-morrow, and I want to celebrate the day in a grand way. I have arranged to have the regimental band at my home for the evening. I have secured decorations from the officers' club. I have ordered champagne. It will be a grand affair. And now I wish to give you an opportunity to get yourself out of financial difficulties.'

'How?' asked the Lieutenant eagerly.

'I suppose I must make it clearer,' said Makazich. 'I am ready to wait for your — that is, *my* — money another two months, provided you will be a guest at my house to-morrow evening. Now, will you come?'

The Lieutenant was so astonished he could not reply.

'What is your answer? ' demanded Makazich, throwing away his cigar. 'Will you come?'

'No, no,' the Lieutenant answered at last. 'I can't see how I could. In fact, it is impossible.'

'Well, *gospodine* Lieutenant,' said the tailor, 'you should carefully reconsider the situation in which you happen to be. I will also make you a new pair of trousers free of charge, if you come.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you. But, you see, I could not — '

'If you are afraid that someone might see you, you may be quite sure that you would suffer no embarrassment. On the other hand, you would give me a great pleasure. You are a very good dancer and — '

'All right, I will come,' said the Lieutenant, who had been rapidly reconsidering. 'And remember that the term of payment of my debt is extended for two months and that you will make me a pair of trousers.'

'Good!' said the tailor, and rose to go. 'I shall expect you, sir — your servant.' He bowed and left.

Lieutenant Sabljich began pacing the floor, nervous, upset. He, a lieutenant in the Army, to go to a ball given by the regimental tailor! He would bring disgrace upon the uniform; but if he did n't go to the ball, Makazich would take the claim to the commander. That would make a scandal. He wished to Heaven the earth would open and swallow either him or the tailor.

Makazich's visit spoiled the entire day for the Lieutenant. He did not even think of going to the café. He went to bed at nine o'clock. He knew Perka, the tailor's daughter, but he thought her place was in a kitchen rather than a ballroom.

The next evening Sabljich dressed carefully and then went to his friend Mamuzich, a subaltern in the regiment, intending to reveal to him the ridiculous situation he was in.

'Mamuzich,' he said, as he entered the subaltern's room, 'have you ever seen a man without a character?'

His companion looked at him, surprised and puzzled.

'Here is one standing before you,' declared Sabljich, pointing a finger at himself. 'Just think! I have consented to attend a dance given by our tailor Makazich, and he will pay me for it!'

Lieutenant Mamuzich screwed his face into a sour expression and stared at Sabljich.

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'I don't blame you for looking at me like that,' said Sabljich. 'I can imagine what you think of me.' He tossed his cap on the table and threw himself on the sofa.

His friend walked to the door, opened it, looked out to be sure there was no one listening, closed the door again, and coming close to Sabljich, whispered: 'I 'll be there myself.'

'Where?'

'At the tailor's dance. And I promised him to dance with his daughter Perka.'

The two stared at each other. Then Sabljich said: 'Is he going to make you a pair of trousers, too?'

'Not only that, but a blouse besides,' answered the subaltern. 'And only think! I promised him to dance with Perka!'

For a few moments they were both silent, looking at each other with incredulous eyes.

'That old scoundrel, Makazich!' the Lieutenant exploded. 'He told me no one else would be there.'

'He told me the same thing,' said the subaltern. 'But after all, what difference does it make? Is n't it time to go?'

'Oh, no, it is still daylight,' the Lieutenant reminded him. 'We must n't go until after it gets dark.'

'A good idea,' agreed Mamuzich. 'I think we should go to our captain and explain this to him. He would understand and probably give us some good advice.'

Lieutenant Sabljich agreed, and the two young officers set off to the quarters of their company commander, Captain Kanijich, who received them coolly and showed surprise as they entered his rooms.

'You two look as though you were going to a wedding,' he remarked, looking them over.

'Not to a wedding, sir,' said Sabljich. 'Er — we — er — we came to you to make a confession. We are going to a dance —'

'A dance — ' repeated Mamuzich, echoing the Lieutenant's confusion.

'What dance?' asked Captain Kanijich. 'Whose dance?'

'You can't ever guess.' This from Sabljich.

'Never,' echoed Mamuzich.

The captain thought for a minute and then said: 'I would n't think you are going to Makazich's ball; but that is the only one I have heard of. My cook has been invited, you know.' The captain's voice seemed to shake slightly, as though he were rather afraid of being right.

'You guessed it, sir,' declared both officers, and Sabljich added: 'He will wait a little longer on the money we owe him and make us each a pair of trousers free of charge, in payment for dancing with his daughter Perka.'

'Perka' — from Mamuzich.

'Perka,' smiled Captain Kanijich. 'And Perka is not all. He has a couple of daughters beside Perka. Heaven be praised, I shall not be there alone!'

'What! You, too?'

'I, too,' replied the Captain, now almost enjoying his own and his visitors' predicament. The lieutenants joined in the laughter.

'We need something to brace us up,' suggested the Captain. 'What do you think, Sabljich?'

'Good idea,' answered the Lieutenant. 'But, joking aside, this may prove a serious matter.'

'How?' asked the Captain.

'Suppose the Major got on our trail, what would we tell him? He might send us before a court-martial.'

'Why? What offense is there in going to a tailor's dance? There is no sense in worrying about it now. Have some cognac.'

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While they were discussing their predicament, the three officers observed that darkness had fallen upon the city, and they set out; but on the very first corner they met a tall gentleman whom they immediately recognized as Major Kajasich.

'Ah — ah, good evening, sir. Where are you going?' They exchanged greetings and questions.

'I am going to a dinner with Doctor Pilulich,' said the Major.

'We, too, are going to a dinner.'

'With whom?'

'With Judge Mirovich.'

'Well, a happy evening, gentlemen,' said the Major.

'The same to you, sir,' returned the trio, and they parted from the Major.

The Captain remarked: 'If Kajasich knew where we are going, the regiment and the whole city would know it tomorrow morning.' And Lieutenant Sabljich added: 'Then there would be no end to the scandal and gossip.'

They reached the tailor's brightly illumined house. The band inside was playing the Persian March. They hesitated a moment and then bravely entered.

'Ah, pardon me!' In the dimly lighted hallway Lieutenant Sabljich had collided with a tall gentleman.

'Oh, is it you!' The exclamation of surprise was uttered by the tall gentleman, who was none other than Major Kajasich.

'Is this where you are looking for Doctor Pilulich, Major?' asked the Captain, laughing.

'H-m, h-m — he was not at home,' stammered the Major. 'And you, gentlemen? It seems to me you are looking for Judge Mirovich in the wrong house, too. Was n't he at home, either?'

'You are right, Major. Judge Mirovich was not at home,' said Captain Kanijich.

A few moments' silence followed. Then Kanijich, who came closest to enjoying the situation, said: 'Well, as we all seem to have been invited, we might as well all climb the stairs to our friend Makazich and his daughter Perka and her sisters.'

They went, and as they entered the hall, they beheld a scene that made them doubt their own eyes. There stood a large woman, the tailor's wife, and around her were gathered four or five older officers of the regiment, while her daughters were surrounded by groups of subalterns and some of the younger captains.

'Ah, here they are!' exclaimed Makazich, their host. 'Why so late, gentlemen?' And presently they became a part of the crowd. Then: 'Here comes the Adjutant!' The tailor was heard to hail the latest arrival.

'That is impossible,' a few officers murmured. 'Now we are in a serious mess. Now the Colonel will surely hear of it.'

'Greetings, *gospodine* Adjutant,' exclaimed one of the senior officers loudly. 'Gentlemen, the right hand of our terrible old man has arrived. What are the orders?'

'Please consider me one of the crowd,' the Adjutant succeeded in saying, after he had regained control of himself.

'Have you any knowledge of the Colonel's present whereabouts?' someone asked him.

'Yes, his servant told me he had gone to the theatre,' answered the 'terrible old man's right hand.'

'Thank God!'

Here Makazich the tailor, who had absented himself for a moment, appeared in the doorway of the ballroom and announced: 'He is coming!' — which was the signal for the band to begin playing the liveliest of airs.

Then entered Colonel Buzdich, the regimental commander. For a second

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it seemed as though the tough old warrior might swoon with surprise; but his host approached him with a glass of wine, which helped him to recover himself. The band ceased playing, and the Colonel raised the glass, saying:

'Let us empty our glasses to the unity and mutual understanding of the two great elements in our national life — to the health of our citizenry and soldiery. One accumulates and saves, the other is ready to defend —'

His last words were drowned in 'Hurrahs' and in the clicking of glasses and sabres.

HIGHWAYMAN'S HOLLOW

BY G. V. YONGE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

WHERE the cliff hangs hollow, where the gloom falls chill,
Where you hear a Something follow — follow — follow, up the hill,
Where the horses sweat and lather when the dusk begins to gather,
It is there that I will meet you, and will greet you,
You, Sir Traveler!

When the leaves lie rotting, when the nights fall blind,
Still you hear a Someone trotting — trotting — trotting, down the wind,
Still you listen all ashiver for my ghostly 'Stand! Deliver!'
Yes, although my bones have whitened, you are frightened,
Yet, Sir Traveler!

'T was a Traveler who slew me where the black firs frown,
'T was his smallsword through me, through me, and the blood dripped down,
In this place where horses lather when the dusk begins to gather,
So, 't is here I trot behind you, to remind you,
You, Sir Traveler!

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GOLDMARK'S MEMORIES OF WAGNER AND BRAHMS

[*The following passages are translated from the* Memoirs *of the distinguished composer, Karl Goldmark, which have just appeared in his eightieth year.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, May 2*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

RICHARD WAGNER visited Austria in the early sixties to direct his concerts. He lived in Penzing, close to Vienna, and I lived in the neighboring village, Unter-St. Veit. One evening I was strolling through the country with a book in my hand. It was already dusk. I heard someone calling in the distance and saw two men coming toward me. I thought they were a trifle jolly and sat down on a stone to let them pass. When they came closer, I recognized Richard Wagner with one of my acquaintances. It was Wagner who was making all the noise. He objected to the fast time in which a chorus in *Lohengrin* was given in the Vienna representation, and was singing over the part as it should be.

After I was introduced, we all went to his villa, where ke kept complaining about his pecuniary distress. I already knew *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and, from hearing his recent concert, fragments of *Die Meistersinger*, *Walküre*, and *Siegfried*. As a result, I was his passionate admirer. So it was very painful for me, it cut me to the heart, to hear him talk of his troubles. I dislike exceedingly anything that smacks of sentimental posing, and it was a real sympathetic impulse that caused me to say: 'But, my honored master, do you find no comfort in the consciousness of your greatness, of your immortality?'

He replied: 'Ah, what does that amount to? What has that to do with the case? Cherubini lay on his deathbed; and he did not like it. He did n't want to die. He struggled against it and bewailed his approaching end. When someone reminded Berlioz on his deathbed that he would be immortal, he resented it and exclaimed: "None of your bad jokes!"'

After that I never tried to console the master. A few weeks later a wonderful thing came to him — King Ludwig's message. Wagner returned to Vienna once or twice later, but as chance would have it, I never met him again.

Brahms (with whom Goldmark became acquainted in 1861, when, as a violinist, he took part in the first rehearsal of that composer's stringed quintette) was a man of native nobility of character, and of such scrupulous veracity that he would not condescend even to utter the conventional falsehoods of everyday social life. His friends invariably deferred to him. His greatness as a man equaled his greatness as an artist.

In respect to character he was almost faultless. But if anything offended him he was exceedingly frank in saying so, and his plain speaking often seemed almost rude.

My second symphony was played for the first time at a Philharmonic concert. Two days later we dined together at the Roten Igel in Beethoven's favorite room. Brahms picked up the *Fremdenblatt* that chanced to be lying there and flushed violently as he glanced at an article. I knew he was angry. He

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had read a criticism by Speidel, who had disparaged me in every way possible for years, but had suddenly swung about and praised my new symphony. Shaking with anger, Brahms said: 'That's most irritating. Read what he writes about you here. (I had already read it.) I know he's doing it merely to make others angry.'

I looked straight at him with a laugh and said: 'And clearly he has failed to do so.'

Brahms chuckled with a shade of embarrassment. . . .

One day we were both the guests of Gustav Walter, who was singing at the Royal Opera and whose daughter was gifted with a remarkable voice which she was training for the stage. Toasts went around the table, and I said jokingly to the young lady: 'I hope to pay you my respects when you are Queen of Sheba.'

Brahms promptly said: 'So you imagine that you are immortal!' I replied: 'I don't think that either of my opera or of myself, but I fear she has already lived too long for you.'

On another occasion, we, together with Hanslick, were dining at midday at the home of Victor Miller von Aichholz. Our host's family belonged to Vienna's old patrician circle, but were most unassuming and agreeable, and passionately fond of music. Our host himself was a doctor of philosophy, and at the same time an excellent pianist. Altogether the circle was a charming one. Our dinner was in celebration of Hanslick's seventieth birthday. There were some speeches, and I replied to one of the toasts. After dwelling for a moment upon his talents, his exquisite literary style, and his wide reputation, I said: 'He has, to be sure, always pleased those most who rejoice to see others torn to pieces.' There was a brief burst of laughter, followed by sudden silence, for it seemed to offend Brahms, who sat directly at my right — something that I did not wish and that he did not merit. Brahms spoke immediately after me. With tears in his eyes he thanked Hanslick for his long and loyal friendship.

During our thirty years' acquaintance, there occurred many irritating incidents like this that throw light upon the character of those involved in them. But I consider it unworthy the respect due so great a man to dwell upon these trifles. In spite of differences of opinion and petty exasperations, if we leave out of account questions relating to the production of his thesis, Brahms was a most considerate friend to me. I can say that he had a deep, though undemonstrative and almost secret, tenderness for me, which he often exhibited when North German friends were not present. They always got on his nerves. He sought my society whenever possible. On one occasion he said to Ignaz Brüll: 'I do not like Goldmark's music, but I like him and like you because you are fine fellows.' That was honorable, frank, and plain. Our temperaments and tastes were as different as North and South.

Winters we used to make excursions into the country through the ice and snow. Those were glorious tramps. Evenings we would meet in the so-called cellar of the Grand Hotel and later drop in at the Roten Igel, though we seldom stayed there long. During his later years, Brahms's circle there grew much larger. We used to go generally alone to the café opposite the Opera House, where we would stay until midnight, reading and talking. On such occasions he was generally expansive and communicative. We were once discussing my symphony, 'The Country Wedding.' He said, 'That's the best thing you've done: clean, spotless, complete — like Minerva springing from the head of Jove.'

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I had written that piece immediately after the *Queen of Sheba*, which he could n't endure. He did n't like it because some people — the first were in Hamburg — called the piece a suite, since the first movement was not in usual symphony form, but in variations. He thought that Beethoven had written many symphony movements in the form of variations He attached supreme importance to symphonic music.

He also approved my *Merlin*. He received the piano arrangement before I did and immediately wrote a very warm letter about it to Hanslick, whom he always kept conversant with his opinions, I think, in important musical matters. Hanslick sent me the letter after Brahms's death as a sort of legacy. At the same time, Billroth wrote me an enthusiastic letter about *Merlin*, I believe at Brahms's suggestion. Unfortunately I burned this letter by mistake with some unimportant papers.

A few of my songs also pleased Brahms, but that is all of my music concerning which he expressed himself approvingly.

Brahms's reputation as a composer grew gradually until he was regarded as an undisputed master. His symphonies, chamber music, choruses, and songs were welcomed with enthusiasm. In his earlier years he was brusque and by no means ingratiating with people; but gradually the sunlight of well-merited recognition warmed his heart, and he became more approachable and also milder in his judgment.

He attended the first general rehearsal of my *Heimchen am Herd*. A lady sitting by him remarked, at the much criticized two bars in the 'Two Little Stars': 'That is a folk song.' Brahms remarked: 'Not exactly, but it might become one.'

Suddenly a fatal illness attacked him, in what seemed the prime of a vigorous life. A few days before his death I called at his house. His landlady told me he could not receive anyone. So I merely inquired how he felt. She left a moment and came back to tell me how pleased he was that I had come and to say that he 'sent me his greetings.' That was my last word from him. I left the house with tear-filled eyes.

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A WOMAN DRIVING

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Late Lyrics and Earlier*]

WITH form erect and keen contour
She passed against the sea,
And, dipping into the chine's obscure,
Was seen no more by me. . . .

Some said her silent wheels would roll
Ruthless on softest loam,
And even that her steed's footfall
Sank not upon the foam.

Where drives she now? It may be where
No mortal horses are,
But in a chariot of the air
Towards some radiant star.

WHITEWASHED WALL

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Late Lyrics and Earlier*]

WHY does she turn in that shy soft way
Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall,
As if entranced to admire
Its whitewashed bareness more than the sight
Of a rose, in richest green?
I have known her long, but this raptured rite
I never before have seen.

Well, once when her son cast his shadow there,
A friend took a pencil and drew him
Upon that flame-lit wall. And the lines
Had a lifelike semblance to him.
And there long stayed his familiar look;
But one day, ere she knew,
The whitener came to cleanse the nook,
And covered the face from view.

'Yes,' he said; 'my brush goes on with a rush,
And the draught is buried under;
When you have to whiten old cots and brighten,
What else can you do, I wonder?'
But she knows he 's there. And when she yearns
For him, deep in the laboring night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns
To him under his sheet of white.

THE INKBERRY

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

[*Canadian Magazine*]

THE windflower swings in the woodland shade,
A tethered star on an emerald glade;

The violet sleeps on the leaf-riched mould,
A fragment of sky on a sea of gold;

The marigold sways by the moonlit spring,
A glimmer of fire like a censer's swing—

But the inkberry stands on the windy lands,
An outlaw king with blood on his hands!

'WHO 'S THERE?'

BY KENNETH H. ASHLEY

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

TO-NIGHT I heard someone without,
And rising from my chair
I left my own meek fire's side
And opened wide my door;
One sighing breath of air
Crept in across the floor,
Crept in as glad to be
Safe in the house with me.
'Who 's there?' I cried:
No one replied; no one was there.

No one — no beast or body — stirred;
Or wakeful bird.
Each frightened tree
Was frozen stiff and still.
But there above the hill
A gibbous moon made eyes at me
And stars a million more;
And in a sudden tremor I,
Who 'd flung that challenge to the sky,
Made haste to close my door.

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OXFORD REPLIES TO MR. LEACOCK

From 'An Oxford Correspondent' comes a burlesque reply to Professor Stephen Leacock's humorous 'criticisms' of the shortcomings of Oxford University, which are printed elsewhere in this issue. A murder case that recently drew much attention in the British press is referred to in the advice 'not to eat any chocolates which may arrive by post.' This is the reply as it appears in the *Morning Post:* —

Deep resentment has been caused by Mr. Stephen Leacock's articles on Oxford in the *Morning Post*, and I should like to warn the writer publicly not to eat any chocolates which may arrive by post at his address. I understand that the Vice-Chancellor and several Heads of Houses are of opinion that Mr. Leacock is not wholly serious, and one professor has been heard to say that the most profound observation in the articles is that 'Henry VIII is dead.'

Mr. Leacock is grossly misinformed in some of his facts, and, in spite of his extensive study of Oxford, does not appear to have looked below the surface. For instance, he criticizes ivy as a mere excrescence upon college buildings, quite unaware of the practical purposes to which this useful creeper may be put after midnight. He says that professors have whiskers down to their stomachs, whereas there are several professors in Oxford whose whiskers do not extend beyond their second waistcoat button, and in many cases there is a material difference between these two positions.

It is hard on a lecturer to be told that his lectures are 'punk,' especially when he does not know what 'punk' is. We had always hoped that our lectures were ripe, but we resent being told that they are rotten.

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FOREIGN LITERATURE IN ITALY

An awakening of interest in foreign literatures among cultivated Italians seems to be indicated by a new series of translations that has been undertaken by G.-G. Sansoni, a publisher in Florence. The series will be under the general editorship of Professor Guido Manacorda. Each of the new books will contain the original text, together with a literal translation into Italian, and notes where necessary. Professor Manacorda has undertaken a translation of the libretto of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, *Rienzi*, and *Tannhäuser*, as well as of Goethe's Letters and Venetian Epigrams. Antonio Carafa is to make a new translation of *Hermann and Dorothea*, M. Cesare Levi of Le Sage's *Turcaret*, and M. Cino Chiarini of *Romeo and Juliet*, which will thus be restored to the land of its origin after many a change since Luigi da Porta's sixteenth-century version of the romantic story.

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A. B. WALKLEY ON THE 'LUGNUGGIANS'

In the London *Times* Mr. A. B. Walkley — perhaps best known to Americans as 'Trotter' in *Fanny's First Play* — ventures in the manner of Dean Swift into the Kingdom of the Lugnuggians, and returns with some data on the two literary schools there contending, which has at least scientific interest. Mr. Walkley thus describes a conversation with one of the Lugnuggians: —

After this preface he gave me a particular account of the two parties. The Pre-Warriors, he said, were allowed to live only through the boundless clemency of the prince. They were the objects of universal contempt, for they blindly persisted in producing verses that would scan and in using words that were to be found in the dictionary. They talked among themselves of well-made plays, Ibsenism and Shavianism and Dan Leno, though nobody else in the country knew what these words meant.

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Their sentences are so long that they can seldom amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end.

The oldest, and by consequence the worst of them, are called Victorians. These melancholy and dejected creatures have lost their teeth and hair, and affect to console themselves with incomprehensible jokes out of their sacred book called 'Pickwick.' In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. This mortification they endure because they will not adopt the simple expedient of the Post-Warriors, who call everybody 'old thing' or 'old bean,' without discrimination of persons. For, language being always upon this flux, the *plumitives* of one age do not understand those of another, and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

It might be supposed that these unhappy Victorians would acquire an additional ghastliness in proportion to their number of years, and so, in truth, it is with the Late Victorians and Mid Victorians. But one or two Early Victorians still survive, and these are outwardly honored even by the youngest Post-Warriors, because both the youngest and the oldest agree in reviling the age between.

Seeing that my obliging friend was wearying of this musty topic, I asked him of what kind were the Post-Warriors. His manner forthwith waxed exuberant, and he answered me joyfully that these were the brightest ornament of the Lugnuggian island. They were all omniscient and infallible. When they were not swinging incense in one another's faces, which exercise they had found of great profit for their sinews, they 'scrapped,' as they called it, the traditions and 'rotted' the classics. All of them were poets and at the same time 'ists' — Futurists, Dadaists, Vers-Librists, Psychoanalysts. In criticism their cardinal principle was to abuse the works of Jules Lemaître.

There was only one fly in the ointment: they feared the generation of the previous week. For it must happen that when youth is the test of merit, the younger you are the more omniscient and infallible. Thus the Post-Warriors in the twenties are abashed by those in their teens, and then again by the more juvenile editors of School Magazines and occupants of the Lower Forms. Infants in arms, although they must be the depositaries of the supreme wisdom, are ruled out, because they cannot articulately express it.

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'P'S AND Q'S FOR NOVELISTS'

MR. C. E. MONTAGUE, whose after-the-war book, *Disenchantment*, was attracting much attention in London literary reviews not long ago, has written for the *Manchester Guardian* a diverting study of the novelist's craft, which he calls 'P's and Q's for Novelists.' It is to be doubted whether his fellow writers will take to heart his counsel and really 'mind their P's and Q's,' but the piquant paragraphs that introduce his dissertation are well worth quoting: —

As the girls crowd in or out of the factory gate you may hear the novelist's art in full cry. One girl is relating aloud to a friend: '"Well," says he, "you come along of me, or stop where y' are. Please yourself." So she give it him straight. "It 's all off," she says, "and I 'm going straight home."' That girl, you see, keeps close to drama. Her novel just gives you each character's words — like *The Awkward Age* of Henry James.

But hear how another girl treats the same theme — there are said to be only eight themes in the world. 'So he thinks to himself: We 'd better know right off, he thinks, who 's master here. And so he give her the office a bit stiff. Well, thinks she, ain't I to have my bit of pride, same as him? And so she lets him have a fair nose-ender.' This girl is a little sister of Dickens and Tolstoi. She 'goes behind' her characters *ad lib.* Her technique is R. L. Stevenson's in *Providence and the Guitar*, where someone or other is always 'thinking' this, 'reflecting' that, or thinking something 'in his heart' while saying something else.

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Which is the better of these two ways of spinning a yarn, where both are open? To choose, you have to think of the chief risk that has always attended this department of spinning. People may think you a liar. When Mr. Kipling's Ung drew the mammoth and aurochs with a certain assumption of intimacy, the Neolithic public hemmed and hawed over the drawings: 'Yea, they are like — and it may be — but how does the Picture-man know?' How does the Novel-man know? Is he a god, that he should be able to patter off all that is going on behind the inscrutable depths of the heroine's violet eyes as well as the slighter screen of the hero's fair moustache?

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FOREIGN PLAYS IN GERMANY

PERHAPS wearied by their years of witnessing strictly domestic products, theatre-goers in Germany are everywhere manifesting the greatest enthusiasm for foreign drama. In the main the plays are by foreign dramatists who had won a place on the German stage long before the war, especially those perennial British favorites of the German public, Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw, certainly an assortment sufficiently catholic to suit any taste. Knut Hamsun and Strindberg are receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of Teutonic *régisseurs*, and the Norwegian writer seems likely to assume in modern Germany much the same rôle that the Swede played a generation ago.

Even French plays are now coming into vogue. Reinhardt, finding Romain Rolland's *Danton* eminently suited to the mass effects for which his theatrical productions are famous, staged it forthwith, untroubled by reflections on the hero's nationality; and during the last few months a German version of M. Charles Vildrac's *Le Paquebot 'Tenacity'* has been given, as well as light comedies by Robert de Flers and Louis Verneuil, *Potash and Perlmutter*, those immortal partners who had progressed as far as London in 1914, and whose advertisements adorned the commandeered London busses that bore British soldiers to the Front, have now entered the enemy capital in triumph; and though Mr. Shaw would scarcely be willing to contribute to British imperial glory, it is a fact that his influence is clearly discernible in at least one Teutonic play. Wilhelm Speyer's *Rugby* boasts a typical matron of the Shavian genre, as well as a number of epigrammatic young people who seem to have looked long upon the pages of *Getting Married*. Herr Speyer's characters quote the inimitable Irishman on the stage, but Berlin critics are not lacking who prophesy for him a brilliant future on his own merits. Hitherto he has groped along the mazes of a somewhat tedious historical drama. Shavian intellectual comedy seems to suit him far better.

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'CÉSAIRE' AT LA CHIMÈRE IN PARIS

M. JEAN SCHLUMBERGER'S play, *Césaire*, which was translated in the *Living Age* for January 14, has been presented on the stage of La Chimère, in Paris, where M. Gaston Baty is the director. Writing in *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, M. François Mauriac thus describes the play: —

> These two acts of M. Jean Schlumberger are moving, disturbing, like everything given us by this remarkable writer, whose last novel, *Un homme heureux*, is a work of distinction that has not yet been sufficiently noticed, but will eventually make a place for itself without a doubt. This is the subject of *Césaire:* Two fishermen live with a cabin boy in a lonely fisherman's hut. Both have loved the same girl. One has really possessed her, whereas the other, Césaire, is a slight and insignificant figure, but a man who has all the power of the mind. When Césaire implacably plies him with insinuations, the fisherman gets to the

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place where he no longer knows whether he or Césaire was really the girl's lover. Eventually he mortally wounds the other man, who is killing him by degrees; but Césaire, even as he dies, imposes his mortal fascination upon the assassin.

In this case Baty has encountered a literary play — too literary, perhaps, for a producer to endeavor to make such an effort at atmosphere in the staging. Several critics have reproached Schlumberger for language that is too noble and chaste — language, in other words, that is too 'N. R. F.,' too much in the style of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, to be used by simple fishermen.

No doubt the critics might not have bethought them of this objection had it not been for the painstaking stage-sets, which gave too material a setting to the ideas expressed. . . . Baty cannot get along without good authors, but not every good author suits him, and his collaboration with Schlumberger was only half successful.

✠

MR. JOHN DOS PASSOS AND THE FRENCH PACIFISTS

A TRANSLATION of one chapter from Mr. John Dos Passos's novel, *Three Soldiers*, by M. Léon Bazalgette, author of the French version of Walt Whitman's poems, has recently appeared in *Clarté*, a Radical-Pacifist French weekly. A translation of the whole book is being prepared by M. Maurice Bourgeois, which, M. Bazalgette remarks in an introductory note, 'will be even more interesting than the original, since it will restore the passages censored in the Land of Liberty.'

Clarté is edited by Henri Barbusse, author of *Le Feu*, which was translated into English as *The Squad* and presents a vivid picture of the miseries of life in the trenches.

✠

ANDREW LANG'S DISAPPROVAL OF BIOGRAPHIES

THOSE who have searched in vain through many card catalogues for a biography of Andrew Lang will find an answer to their perplexity in an article in the *Manchester Guardian*, apropos of the suggested memorial to him at St. Andrew's University, Glasgow. 'The lack of a biography of him,' says this writer, 'is due to his own expressed wish. He strongly deprecated the custom of writing monumental tomes concerning everyone with the least claim to celebrity, and maintained that "of the author who is merely an author we know enough from his books."'

Indeed, Lang once declared roundly his desire for 'some short way with the "life and letters" plague,' and felt that Tennyson had been ill-treated when he, too, was served up in the usual two volumes. He even complained in verse: —

> For now the dentist cannot die
> And leave his forceps as of old,
> But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
> Begins the vast biography.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited, with preface, by Dr. Oscar Levy. London: Heinemann, 1922. 15*s.*

[Maurice Hewlett in the *London Mercury*]

THE Selection from Nietzsche's Letters which Dr. Oscar Levy puts forth does not confirm the Editor's opinions either of the philosopher or of his effect upon the German mind. He flatters himself that a perusal of it will destroy 'two legends,' one being 'the great and often ventilated question of Nietzsche's mental condition and responsibility.' Well, if a ventilated question can possibly be a legend, I don't think that destruction can be allowed. I will not say that the Letters are, as a whole, the letters of a madman, though in the short correspondence with Strindberg, whose dates account for it, we plainly have the letters of two madmen. There is nothing else here so painful as that particular correspondence. The Letters, nevertheless, are those of an unbalanced mind, of a man whose egotism, always remarkable, we are enabled to see growing into egocentrism; of a man for whom one could not but foresee an inevitable crash in cerebral collapse — which is what did in fact happen.

Nietzsche —and here we see him at the building — erected his genius, as Frankenstein his creature in the story, into something monstrous. It terrified him. 'The passion of my last work has something terrible about it,' he wrote in 1887; and again, 'My problems are new, the range of my psychological horizon is terrific.' To his sister in 1888 he plainly said, 'You do not seem to be even remotely conscious of the fact that you are next-of-kin to the man and his destiny in which the question of millenniums has been decided. Speaking quite literally, I hold the Future of mankind in my hand.'

Those are not sane utterances, even if they are not windy nonsense. To Strindberg he announced himself as 'condemned to fulfill a stupendous mission'; and to Brandes, finally, 'I vow to you that in two years we shall have the whole inhabited globe in convulsions. I am a Destiny.' In two years — alas, my brother! Yours were the convulsions.

'Another and still more serious legend,' which Dr. Levy is hopeful of destroying, is 'Nietzsche's reputed responsibility for the World War.' It is not easy to fix responsibilities for such a cataclysm, of course — though no doubt it is easier to do that than to fix them upon Nietzsche. Personally, I am not at all prepared to fix them solely upon the German nation; yet in so far as the German nation was responsible — which can only have been in assuring its besotted rulers of moral support — I don't see how anyone can doubt the influence of Nietzsche in helping to procure that support. I speak only of his Letters, since I am not reviewing anything else of his. If I were, I should speak more positively than I do now.

The Letters, as a whole, are those of a man who merely and nakedly glorifies *il talento*. They are letters which would have justified Napoleon, and do justify Cæsar Borgia. In 1888 (on the edge of eclipse) he announced to Georg Brandes the publication of a book called *Ecce Homo* — 'an onslaught on the Crucified without the ghost of a scruple. It ends with thunderclaps and lightning flashes that deafen and blind, against everything that is Christian or tainted with Christianity.' I dare say it did. 'I am, in short,' the poor fellow goes on, 'the first psychologist of Christianity, and, old artilleryman that I am, can fire heavier cannon than any opponent of Christianity has ever before dreamed the existence of.' The English is Mr. Ludovici's, the vaunt is entirely Nietzschian.

The animus of the letter, with that of the book, was not helpful to the spirit of right reason in Germany. Dr. Levy says that he attacked the Germans. Not a doubt of that. He attacked everybody in his day but himself. One of the things, however, for which he attacked the Germans was 'the restoration of Christianity.' He attacked the Prussians in 1870 because he thought them stupid, and Germany at large in 1887, 'however much it may bristle, hedgehog-like, with arms.' Now Dr. Levy relies upon that passage and quotes it in his Preface as proof-positive — which is very extraordinary. How can he fail to see that Nietzsche scorned the Germans, not *because* they bristled, but *in spite of* their bristling? There can be no question he admired bristling. He bristled himself — praised himself for being 'a military beast.' The tone of his letters throughout this volume is the tone of all Germany in 1914; furious egotism, arrogance, glorification of instinct. *Quid plura?* Only this: Christianity did not prevent war, and possibly never has done so. Nietzsche, so far as it lay in him, did his best to make it impossible that it should have prevented it in 1914.

LEVY-BRUHL. *La mentalité primitive.* Paris: Alcan, 1922. 25*fr.*

[*L'Opinion*]

M. LEVY-BRUHL offers in this volume an indispensable sequel to his book on *Les fonctions*

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mentales dans les sociétés inférieures. Investigating in his second book the idea of causality among primitive peoples, he completes his description of the mental life of peoples who have not evolved very far and ventures upon some suggestive speculation, which perhaps he does not push quite far enough.

[M. Levy-Bruhl was in 1919–20 the French Exchange Professor to the United States.]

HARDY, THOMAS. *Late Lyrics and Earlier.* London: Macmillan and Company, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

IN his preface, or what he calls an apology and is in fact a justification, Mr. Hardy says that the pessimism alleged against him 'is in truth only obstinate questionings in the exploration of reality, and is the first step toward the soul's betterment, and the body's, also.' Many will be grateful for this clarifying, but they will be more grateful for the poems that follow; for, though they are full of warnings against confidence in summer schemes, though they proclaim life's frustrations ('The things we wished would stay were going,' and vice versa, and

> Things sinister with things sublime
> Alike dissolving),

though he still chafes at the out-of-jointness of the time — any time and all its successors, though he is often as convinced as Job of man's birthright to trouble, yet there is no trace here of that dark belief: —

> As flies to wanton boys, so we to the gods —
> They kill us for their sport.

Mr. Hardy feels the pain of the world with plant-like sensitiveness, but he feels its beauty with a sensitiveness no less, and it is that equation that defeats pessimism: —

> There had been years of Passion — scorching, cold,
> And much Despair, and Anger heaving high,
> Care whitely watching, Sorrows manifold,
> Among the young, among the weak and old. . . .
> The Sinister Spirit sneered: 'It had to be!'
> And again the Spirit of Pity whispered, 'Why?'

His pity is intense, as all his emotions are, and it is when he stands awhile aloof, with his strong searching intellect set over against his emotions, that those bleak sinister judgments break in. And it is all because of his almost fierce sincerity. At all costs he will get through to reality; hence the irony of this: —

> If I have seen one thing
> It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
> That aspects are within us; and who seems
> Most kingly is the King.

It is not Mr. Hardy's faith that life is an illusion, but he is very fond of showing up the illusions of life. This book is full of them: folk looking hard at phantoms and thinking them realities, and scanning realities which they take to be phantoms: —

> No more. And the years drew on and on
> Till no sun came, dank fogs the house enfolding;
> And she saw inside, when the form in the flesh had gone,
> As a vision what she had missed when the real beholding.

Illusion and disillusion seem so to haunt Mr. Hardy that neither he in his lyrics nor the persons in his other poems ever so much as suggest abandonment either to sorrow or joy. This, of course, weakens the lyrical force of his poems, if it does n't actually thin their quality. He can be tender, exquisitely tender, as in mourning the death of a pet cat; but then comes the intellectual pull obliquely restraining, and the tenderness passes off into philosophical regret.

Contemporary British Literature. London: G. Harrap and Co., 1922. 5*s.*

[*Daily Herald*]

AN admirable reference book for students and teachers has just been published, entitled *Contemporary British Literature.* It contains a list of contemporary British authors with bibliographies and suggestions for study. As the compilers say, it is impossible to be sure of including the best, and only the best, in such a work; nevertheless, they have done very well, and included most of the good writers, whom one might have feared to find omitted in favor of their more popular inferiors. The most startling omission I have noticed is that of Miss Romer Wilson, author of *Martin Schüler* and *The Death of Society.*

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Our New Humorists. Agram, Croatia: Humoristicna Knjiznica. 3 crowns.

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SPEYER, WILHELM. *Rugby.* Munich: Drei Masken Verlag.

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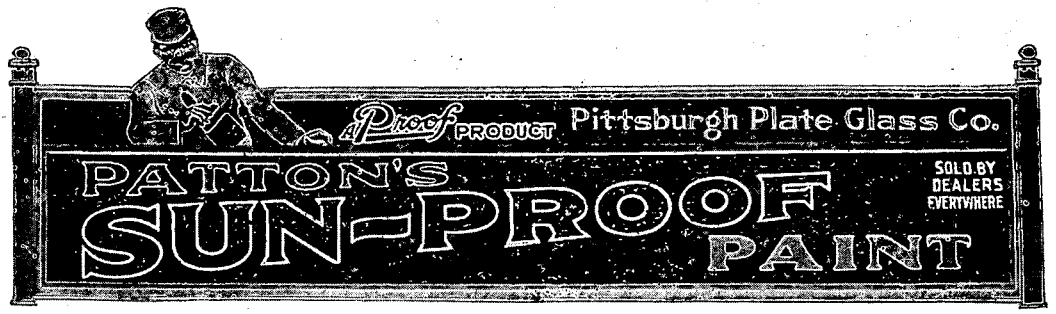

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